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The Shape of Things

THE FAIRLY LARGE MARGIN OF VOTES BY which the House approved the British loan was as gratifying as it was surprising. Before the debate started the Administration, not without reason, feared a defeat that would reduce its whole international economic program to ashes. But this seems to have been one of those rare occasions when arguments really swayed votes. Reinforcing the pleas of the President and former Secretary of State Cordell Hull, leaders of both parties spoke eloquently in favor of the loan. Members seem to have been particularly impressed by Speaker Rayburn and Majority Leader John W. McCormack, and by Representatives Wolcott, Wadsworth, and Eaton who carried the ball on the Republican benches. Among the many leaders of opinion throughout the country who urged Congress to act favorably on the loan especial credit is due to Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, who with great courage opposed the raging, tearing campaign for its defeat conducted by important Zionist groups seeking to "punish Britain." Rabbi Wise, like many other good liberals who have been distressed by British actions in Palestine, realized that this kind of punishment would damage America just as much, if not more, than it damaged Britain.

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FOR THE BRITISH THE LOAN WILL PERMIT only slightly lessened austerity in the immediate future. But it will offer them a breathing spell during which they can rebuild their foreign trade without resorting to measures incompatible with American interests. The money, it is certain, will be spent to strengthen Britain's economic position, thus increasing the security behind the loan, and will not be dissipated to finance imports of consumer luxury goods. One investment it will make possible is the acquisition of coal-mining machinery urgently needed to raise the productivity of British mines. Britain used to be a major exporter of coal to Europe but shortage of labor, and other difficulties which it is hoped will be overcome now that the industry is nationalized, have reduced output to such an extent that it is inadequate for domestic needs. By using some of its borrowed dollars to pay for American mining machinery, the British hope to restore coal production to a level where they can again ship coal abroad. That would be a major contribution to the recovery of Europe which is certainly an American, as well as a British, interest.

UNLESS THE NEW PRICE CONTROL BILL IS almost completely rewritten in the House, the President is bound to use his veto power once again. The irresponsible measure passed by the Senate ignores the public demand for effective ceilings and represents a total surrender to sectional interests. Exemptions for livestock have been swapped against exemptions for petroleum, for grains against tobacco. The result, as Republican Representative Jesse P. Wolcott has pointed out, is to remove from control practically everything industry buys while renewing ceilings on practically everything it sells. Such ceilings obviously could not be maintained for long. Uncontrolled food prices would mean a sharp increase in the cost of living—the "free markets" we have experienced in the last two weeks clearly indicate what the trend would be—and make higher wages absolutely necessary; higher labor and material costs would force upward revisions in nearly all industrial prices. In short, instead of making an effort to halt the inflationary spiral, the Senate has equipped it with jet propulsion.

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WHETHER THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT IS trying to appease the British by its extraordinary measures of repression or whether it is using the negotiations with Britain as a handy pretext for ridding itself of all organized opposition is not yet apparent. What is clear from recent dispatches is the extreme lengths to which Sidky Pasha's reactionary regime is prepared to go. It is one thing to imprison independent labor, and left-wing political leaders; that has been going on for a long time. But to extend the definition of "communists" to include almost every cultural group in the country and many prominent liberal European residents, and, above all, to suppress *Al Waf Al Misri,* principal organ of the Wafd, Egypt's one effective popular party and the chief expression of nationalist feeling, is to invite a political crisis of major dimensions. It seems to indicate that the Cabinet, which represents the Palace clique, considers a showdown now less dangerous to its tenure than the continued rise of discontent and organized opposition. Its delay in reaching a satisfactory agreement for the withdrawal of British troops coupled with the utter misery of the people undoubtedly threatens the grandiose ambitions of Egypt's fat and dissipated young monarch. Wholesale arrests and the wiping out of independent

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associations and newspapers will not increase his popularity. Whether or not they will strengthen his position depends in part on what attitude Britain's representatives take when the renewed treaty negotiations get underway. It would create an unhappy precedent if the ruthless repressions of Sidky Pasha had the result of improving Egypt's bargaining position.

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MINNESOTA REPUBLICANS VOTING IN LAST week's Senatorial primary did more than put a period to the archaic political career of Henrik Shipstead. They shored up the Stassen wing of the party, which had been sagging a bit since the defeat of its candidate in Nebraska; they stiffened the spine of more than one wavering supporter of the British loan in Congress; and for the benefit of the world at large they repudiated the suspicion that the Middle West was fast slipping into the McCormick groove of nationalist isolation. Seldom is a single broad issue as dominant in a Congressional campaign as was the case in Minnesota. Shipstead went to the Senate in 1922 as a foe of the League of Nations, and now after 24 years he could—and did—point to a record of opposition to the World Court, the United Nations charter, the Bretton Woods agreement, and even UNRRA. Most recently he has devoted himself to the fight against the loan to Britain, and during the campaign he went to the length of denouncing it in paid advertisements in the papers of his state, especially in districts with a large Germanic population. His opponent, Governor Thye, is one of Harold Stassen's ablest supporters, and he made no bones about the kind of foreign policy he would endorse if sent to the Senate. Thye's unexpectedly large majority by no means points to a Stassen victory in 1948; Stassen has done an educational job in his home state that still needs to be done in countless Republican sectors from the Alleghenies west to the Rockies. But if the Lundeen-Lindbergh-Shipstead country can make the grade, there is hope that even the Nebraska of Hugh Butler will in time apply for admission to Wendell Willkie's One World.

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UNFORTUNATELY MONTANA'S DEMOCRATIC primary, which will have been held by the time this issue reaches its readers, will offer no comparable evidence of the trend of thought in that state. Senator Wheeler, even more violently isolationist that Shipstead, is a more complex character, with a more complex record. His fight for renomination, moreover, has been vastly complicated by demagogy, by a copper-dominated press monopoly directed against his opponent, and an inexcusable intervention on his behalf by the President of the United States. There was some hope that after the war, and after the death of President Roosevelt, Wheeler

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might shed his blind bitterness and regain some of the perspective that marked his years as a liberal politician. But apparently he has been damaged beyond repair. His campaign against Judge Erickson, whose supporters unhappily resorted to some rather unsavory devices themselves, has been marked by the shoddy techniques he picked up as an American Firster, complete with charges that his opponent was financed by Communists, New York Jews, and Wall Street—that famous trinity dreamed up by Father Coughlin. But the chief source of confusion in the Montana primary were the gratuitous endorsements of Wheeler by Senator La Follette and President Truman. La Follette's action is at least explicable in view of his isolationist prejudices and his regard for Wheeler's pro-labor record. The President's position can be explained only by his curious concept that a private friend rates a public trust. When he first came to the Senate, under the dubious auspices of the Pendergast machine, Truman was shunned by the New Dealers until Wheeler took him in hand and gave him a berth on the Interstate Commerce Committee. And now he is doing the decent thing by "Burton"—which is gallant but galling to the millions of Americans who just don't know the President well enough to call him "Harry."

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PRAVDA'S ATTACK ON BROOKS ATKINSON must have made Pegler, O'Donnell, and Sokolsky green with envy. Seldom has an American liberal been subjected to so eloquent a barrage of guttertalk. The occasion was a series of three articles Atkinson wrote in the New York *Times* on his return from ten months in the Soviet Union. In *The Nation* of March 8, 1941, when the fortunes of the democracies in their war against the Axis were at their lowest ebb, Brooks Atkinson wrote an article entitled, "The Decision Is Simple." Essentially it was a testament of a man's faith in democracy as a living force. He wrote: "The moral nation is the one that guarantees the freedom of the people, safeguards the health of the population, educates and cherishes the children, fosters art, spreads knowledge, endeavors to promote honest dealings between individuals and groups, lives as a good neighbor with other nations, tries constantly to widen and deepen its understanding with faith in the destiny of man." To make it quite plain that he had no illusions about the adequacy of American democracy, he noted the economic and social bondage in which the Negro race is held, the violent discrimination that bars Jews from full participation in the benefits of American citizenship, the economic serfdom under which millions of Americans spend mean and meager lives. On his return from China where he spent many months as a war correspondent he wrote, in October, 1944, on the occasion of General Stilwell's retirement: "Inside China it represents the political triumph of a moribund and antidemocratic regime that is more concerned with maintaining its political supremacy than in driving the Japanese out of China. America is now committed at least passively to supporting a regime that has become increasingly unpopular and distrusted in China, that maintains three secret-police services and concentration camps for political prisoners, that stifles free speech, and resists democratic forces." So far from being an "informer of the capitalist press" Brooks Atkinson has consistently shown incorrigible loyalty to democracy as a fighting creed. That, we suspect, is what got under *Pravda's* skin.

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SURVIVORS OF THE KIELCE POGROM WILL BE little relieved to learn, through Cardinal Hlond, that "The Catholic Church always and everywhere condemns murders of all kinds." When the Church is really out to do a job of condemnation, as against communism, it is capable of doing a thoroughgoing, unequivocal, wholehearted piece of work. Poor-spirited indeed would be the Prince of the Church who condemned communism with one breath and in the next explained that one should recognize, all the same, that this doctrine was an understandable political reaction of honest people to the evils of capitalism. Yet it was in precisely this vein that Cardinal Hlond condemned the massacre of forty-one innocent Jews in Kielce. He is filled "with sadness and regret" that these people were stoned, clubbed, and trampled to death, but "to a great degree" the tragedy is "due to the Jews" themselves. Why? Because "they occupy leading positions in Poland's government and endeavor to introduce a governmental structure which the majority of the people do not desire." The truth is that while there are a handful of Jews in office, they are insignificant in the pattern of change that so distresses the Church. The lines in Poland, tragically enough, are drawn between communism and Catholic feudalism; and the Jews, wanting nothing more than to shake the dust of Poland from their feet, are caught between the two totalitarian machines. The government uses their massacre as a stick to beat all its opponents—the Church, General Anders, and Mikolajczyk; the Church uses the same nightmare to undermine the government and damn the Communists. And the Jews, seeking only an exit from hell, find the way blocked by the British, who can't see why they don't stay where they are instead of conspiring to save the remnant of their lives.

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THE DEATH OF JUDGE JOHN BEARDSLEY HAS deprived American liberalism of one of its ablest exponents and staunchest friends. It would not be far from the truth to say that John Beardsley, identified with the cause of civil liberties in Southern California for forty years, brought the concept of civil rights to that region. A list of the victories he won for civil liberties in the courts would be long indeed. During the first World War he carried to the United States Su-

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preme Court, and won, the case of a German-American deprived of civil service status by hysterical officials. In the post-war period he took to the high court the case of Yetta Stromberg—the famous "red flag case,"—which occupies a significant position in the history of the Court's interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment. For this was one of the first cases in which the Court began to use the broad language of the amendment as it was intended to be used—to defend the civil rights of United States citizens. In preparing his argument and brief in this case, Beardsley closed his law office and devoted a year to a study of the legal problems involved. As in most of his celebrated court victories, his reward consisted largely in the satisfaction of having worked out a sound concept of law and human rights. Appointed to the Superior Court of Los Angeles County by Governor Olson, Judge Beardsley was re-elected for the second time only a few days before his death.

Ivan the Progressive

THE second part of "Ivan the Terrible" will not be shown, the third part will not be made; its director, Sergei Eisenstein, has had two films released for distribution in the last seventeen years. A bourgeois critic, remembering *From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs,* might feel that the Soviet Union has, for a sixth of this century, both overpaid and underemployed its best director. No Stakhanovite, he. But more searching critics—concentrated, in this country, in the vicinity of the *Daily Worker*—are likely to agree with the analysis of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, which has stated in its weekly newspaper, *Culture and Life,* that Eisenstein's film is anti-artistic, anti-historical, cold and passionless historism, and a fairy tale besides—all this because "contrary to historic truth, Ivan the Terrible has not been shown as a progressive statesman." If Ivan the Terrible is the Russian idea of a progressive statesman, this explains a lot of things that have been puzzling us.

Soviet movies, the Communist Party has decided, are so important as propaganda aids for the new Five-Year Plan that no more historical subjects, biographies, or comedies will be filmed—comedies, in particular, are "primitive and bad." All films must be made about "simple Soviet people, who are the real creators of history"; the films' themes will be, preferably, valor in war and loyalty to the Soviet Union; and a good many subjects are—shall we say suggested? The list begins with the Great Patriotic War and ends with Georgian fruit farms and "mother heroines"—women who have had ten or more children. Many a Russian movie-goer, before this terrible new Plan is over, will groan to himself: Better fifty years of Hollywood than a cycle of mother heroines! He will have to take what comfort he can in the realization that, as the Party says, "the cinema is a sharp ideological party weapon." Poor Eisenstein, impaled for seventeen years upon it, must by now realize that better than anyone.

Brooks Atkinson made some comments on the flat and deadly automatism of present-day Soviet writing; and the new Five-Year Plan for Soviet movies has a stupefying resemblance to that series of films, glorifying Free Enterprise and the American Way of Life, which was once planned by the National Association of Manufacturers. American movie-goers will look gloomily at the possibility of getting a decent film from that freshly whetted party weapon, the Soviet cinema; and they know from the grim experience of the last few years that there is little more likelihood of getting a good one from that profit-bearing financial institution, Hollywood. The French, who have made a majority of what good movies there have been in the last ten years, say that the quota system attached to the American loan will make it next to impossible for them to compete with American movies in France itself. The discriminating consumer had better get accustomed to staying at home with a good book; and the thing for a really talented director to do is to take up, say, tattooing: there are always a few sailors who will demand neither ideology nor profit from a true work of art.

The Battle of Germany

MOLOTOV'S statement on Germany to the Council of Foreign Ministers appeared at first glance to indicate a shift in the Russian position nearer to those of America and Britain. Disclaiming ideas of a peace of revenge, he argued against further dismemberment of the Reich, urged its political unification, and proclaimed the necessity of its industrial revival in the interests of European economy. All these ideas have been supported by Britain and, though with less urgency, by the United States. On the other hand they conflict totally with the policies of France which has always insisted that the industrial Rhineland must be separated politically and economically from the rest of Germany lest it again serve as the arsenal of aggression. As Mr. del Vayo explains in a cable from Paris on another page, the Molotov speech has stunned the French. The shock was not reduced when a French compromise offer to accept a provisional plan for German economic unity, so long as the Saar was excluded, was blocked by the Soviet Foreign Minister.

It is noteworthy, however, that French dismay has not been matched by American or British elation. It is evident that Byrnes and Bevin are going to look long and hard at Molotov's gift-horse, suspecting it may be of the Trojan breed and intended to carry Russian influence to the western boundaries of Germany. Their suspicions

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have no doubt been inflamed by Molotov's insistence, in the course of an equally skeptical scrutiny of Byrnes's own equine offering—the 25-year treaty to maintain German disarmament, that reparations to the tune of 10 billion dollars must be paid to Russia before the occupation of Germany ends. He declared that this claim was in accordance with the Potsdam agreement but, as a matter of fact, that document carefully avoided the assessment of reparations in monetary terms. Nor did it provide for their payment in "current production," as well as by removals of plant and machinery, as Molotov now asserts. On the contrary, the Potsdam declaration expressly stated that the proceeds of exports from current production were to be used in the first place to pay for necessary imports. That must mean that current production would not be available to meet reparations until Germany had achieved a trade balance. But, at the moment, America and Britain are together paying out hundreds of millions of dollars for the imports required to prevent wholesale starvation in Germany and a surplus of exports is a very distant goal.

That is the reason, perhaps, why Messrs. Byrnes and Bevin have so far made little reference to the more distant ideals of German unity enunciated by Molotov and have concentrated on the problem of economic unity of the Reich now. In their view that includes free trade between the occupation zones and the pooling of exports to pay for imports. Unified economic administration was specifically provided for at Potsdam but its consummation has been prevented hitherto by French insistence on the prior settlement of the Rhineland question, and Russian objections to giving exports priority over reparations. Bevin has now declared that if this Potsdam provision remains neglected Britain will be compelled to organize its zone in a way that will prevent it from burdening British taxpayers. That would seem to portend an imitation of the Soviet policy of integrating the Russian zone with the Russian economy. Byrnes has offered, as a second-best alternative to unification to form an economic union between the American zone and those of any other occupying powers.

Obviously there is no conflict between these proposals, as the British and American zones would certainly be more productive if operated as one economic unit. But we can be certain that Russia will oppose partial unification, since it would insure continued Soviet exclusion from any voice in the administration of the Ruhr, and would limit reparations to what could be extracted from the Russian zone. And reparations, it is clear, are the immediate Soviet preoccupation as they have been ever since V-E day. That is not surprising in view of Russia's terrific losses in the war. But it is important to note a change of emphasis regarding the mode of payment. Earlier the U. S. S. R. had been the sternest advocate among the Big Four of German deindustrialization. That fitted in with the policy of taking reparations in the form of plants. Now Molotov combines agreement with the British about the importance of German industry to Europe's economy with a demand for a large slice of current German production. Evidently Moscow has decided that there is more to be gained by having the Germans work their own machinery than by transporting it to Russia. This may be due partly to recognition that the removal policy involved a wastage of German skills, partly to shortage of labor in Russia. Hence Molotov's advocacy of Germany unity under conditions which diverted surplus production into Russian hands. But unless that surplus was genuine, that is to say, a surplus created after all imports had been offset, it would mean that Russia was milking the German cow while America and Britain provided the hay. Clearly we would not find this an acceptable arrangement, particularly as we are desperately afraid that Russia is seeking to add Germany to its collective farm.

It appears then that the first discussions of the German problem by the Big Four offer little hope of an early solution. Indeed, there can be no real solution while Russian and the Western powers are in fundamental conflict. Before the Big Four can make peace with Germany they must make peace between themselves. Until they do that Germany will remain a battleground where Russia on the one side and America and Britain on the other compete for offensive and defensive positions and offer rival bids for the support of the German people. A better set-up for the revival of German nationalism can hardly be conceived.

Sidney Hillman

BY HENRY A. WALLACE

Washington, July 13

IT IS easy to overemphasize the political side of Sidney Hillman. Political alertness and progressive political action were of his very being. And he leaves as the record of his political force three great agencies of the people's will—the American Labor Party in New York, the C. I. O.-Political Action Committee, and the National Citizens Political Action Committee. No one dares deny to these agencies—working in cooperation with the Democratic Party organization—a tremendous share in the people's progress during the administrations of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

But of coequal stature with the Sidney Hillman of political action was the Sidney Hillman of labor statesmanship. It is of the utmost significance that the memorials of Sidney Hillman's death came as much from management as they came from labor. The union that he built in his youth and guided throughout his life has given to American labor a remarkable example of collaboration with management in the interest of both the

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employer and the worker, with a constant concern for the consumer and the general welfare. Justice, efficiency, stabilization, and progress in industry were Sidney Hillman's watchwords. Perhaps his most important single contribution was to provide a setting of labor-management cooperation in which all parties concerned had a real sense of participation and a real stake in a joint endeavor. For Sidney Hillman made of the Amalgamated much more than just an organization to preserve and advance the rights of labor; he made it a driving force which offered constructive leadership in advancing the interests of the industry and the economy as a whole.

Whether in labor-management relations or in political action, the dominant fact about Sidney Hillman was his patient passion for the common good. He always thought in terms of what he could do today, no matter whether the thing he could accomplish today was big or small. Doing this, he felt that he was always in a position to do something bigger tomorrow. Extremists of the left frequently maligned him as much as those of the right. But he was unswerved by such character assassins as those who once called him a proponent of slave labor when he accepted the twenty-five-cent minimum wage. Acceptance of the principle of the minimum wage was the all-important fact; get the principle established and then keep up the fight for a higher minimum. And Sidney Hillman fought on with brilliant and dynamic leadership. In the end, the increase in the minimum has been the measure of a healthier and wealthier industry.

In the same way, his genius for political action has given the people an ever-increasing participation in the political life of their nation. He built well with patience. He walked softly. He travelled far. And our world is immeasurably richer for his having worked among us.

What Sidney Hillman Stood For

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

WITH the death of Sidney Hillman, the progressive labor and political forces of the country have lost their ablest leader. The full measure of that loss can be taken if one tries to think of a man to fill his place. It will be impossible to find such a man today or, we suspect, in the near future. For Hillman in recent years had become much more than the farseeing and creative union executive he had always been. The fierce conflicts that shook the country in the years before the war, together with the impact of the war itself, drove him into an active political role, first in support of Roosevelt's program, domestic and foreign, and then in building a labor political movement, capable of exercising independent power both at the polls and in Congress. The C. I. O.-Political Action Committee was Hillman's creation, even though it had the strong backing of Murray and the other top leaders of the organization. Its effective intervention in the 1944 campaign was attested to even more fervently by its enemies, in their attempt to frighten the voters with the specter of red revolution, than by its very realistic leaders. The parallel organization of the National Citizens Political Action Committee was also Sidney Hillman's work; for he understood from the start the necessity of effecting a working partnership between labor and independent progressives.

Above all Hillman was a brilliant stategist. He knew, when P. A. C. was founded, that a national third party would make a present of the election to the Republicans; he knew that the only realistic course for a left political organization was to put progressives in office and try by every means to weaken the hold of the old guard over both old-party machines. He knew that independent labor action must limit and direct itself to what it could hope to accomplish; it could not leap from birth into political maturity. The job of education conducted by P. A. C. among its own political membership has been one of its most impressive accomplishments.

But Sidney Hillman was no less alive to the necessity of allying American labor with the militant forces of labor everywhere. His role in creating the World Federation of Trade Unions to replace the moribund and largely discredited I. F. T. U. was again one of creation as well as leadership. And there, as in the organization of P. A. C., he showed unequalled skill in avoiding both Communist domination and the schismatic effects of anti-Communist fanaticism. If the new world labor organization has succeeded in reaching decisions where the agencies of the United Nations have largely failed, a very important share of the credit must go to Sidney Hillman. Almost alone among American labor leaders, he had a broad political philosophy, a keen and realistic political mind.

The effect of his death will be realized only gradually; even by his closest associates it cannot be gauged immediately. But shock and sorrow will be followed by a sense of loss that can only be heightened as labor and its progressive allies face the challenge thrown down by the reactionary forces whose strength is growing day by day in Congress and in the country.

DEL VAYO IN RUSSIA

The Nation's *European editor arrived in the Soviet Union this week to write an exclusive series for* The Nation. *He will present a first-hand report of happenings within the Soviet Union, the progress of reconstruction, an appraisal of the Kremlin's foreign policy, and the inside-Russia view of world affairs.*

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Can Man Survive?

BY G. BROCK CHISHOLM

THE most important question to the human race now, and perhaps permanently, should be "Is there going to be another war?" This question can be put in various ways—for example, "Is it possible for the human race to take the extraordinary and unprecedented actions required to ensure that the normal cycle of peace, preparation for war, and war which has gone on throughout known history will no longer occur?" Or "Is it possible for members of the human race actually to live in peace with each other as they have never done?" Because of man's vastly increased ability to kill, all other questions pale into insignificance; basically nothing else matters. All other importances of man on earth depend on his ability to survive in reasonable numbers. It is man's very survival which is now threatened, and so the question above can be put in another way: "Can man arrange to survive as the dominant species on the earth, and if so how?"

To pose the question in this way is not necessarily to accept as an original premise that, in any final sense, it would be a good thing for man to survive. It may well be that man's disappearance from the earth, or at least his being pushed out of the dominant position, would be in the best interests of whatever is the goal (if there is a goal) of the evolutionary process which has been going on for a long time. Other animals have come and gone. It may be that man will also become extinct and some other organisms will be left freer to develop along the lines of their own particular destiny. As a result of the recent tremendous advances made by man in the efficiency with which he can kill off his kind it would seem to be very likely that few members of the human race will be alive after 20, 50 or 100 years—or whenever the next world war takes place.

Our question, then, might be put in still another way: "Should man tamely submit to extinction or should he try to do something to prevent it?" If we examine this question from the point of view of man there is hardly room for doubt of the answer. Survival would seem to be the first law of nature—not necessarily individual survival but definitely the survival of the species. After the enormous investment the race has made in the cause of survival it would be ridiculous to give ourselves up now without taking all possible steps, no matter how drastic or revolutionary, which can increase even slightly our chances of survival as a species. The plain fact is that man, generally, *wants* to survive as a species. If we can agree on this premise then the answer to our question demands only a study of ways and means—the best method, the cost, and whether man is willing to pay that cost or not.

To use a medical analogy, the human race is, socially, desperately and dangerously ill. The first necessity is a clear diagnosis of the type of illness, with an identification of the cause or causes, and then the prescription of treatment. Using all available knowledge of the human being and his functioning, it should be quite possible to do this with some confidence in our ability to reach sound conclusions. The real difficulty will come—as in prevention of diphtheria, tuberculosis, and many other diseases—from the probable unwillingnes of the patient, the human race, to take the medicine or treatment because it tastes bad, or smells awful, or is painful, or involves giving up some of his present certainties, or because he still has faith in one or other of the old medicines which have never been effective. Any change drastic enough extensively to modify perhaps the most consistent behavior pattern of the whole human race throughout thousands of years, is going to be very painful indeed. Extensive surgery is not pleasant, but a persisting cancer is worse in the end.

Emerson describes the choice every mind has to make between truth and repose. To quote from his essay on "Intellect": "God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates. He in whom the love of repose predominates will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets—most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity, and reputation; but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings, and afloat. He will abstain from dogmatism, and recognize all the opposite negations between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the

GENERAL G. B. CHISHOLM was Director-General of Medical Services for the Canadian Army during the war and is now Canada's Deputy Minister of National Health and Canadian delegate to the United Nations Health Assembly. A psychiatrist of world-wide reputation, he delivered the William Alanson White Memorial lectures last October on "The Reestablishment of Peacetime Society." On that occasion Secretary Henry Wallace remarked: "The lecture of General Chisholm last night is one of the most thought provoking which has ever been given in Washington. It goes to the very roots of future peace." The above is the first installment of a two-part article.

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other is not, and respects the highest law of his being."

In Emerson's day there was little social obligation to choose the hard way of following truth. Repose was not synonymous with racial suicide as it is now. The complacent attitude which found its expression in the saying "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world" did not promise complete disaster as it does now. The lives of large numbers of the race were not dependent on the goodwill of other peoples all over the world as they are now or shortly will be. Even extensive hate and intolerance could rarely gain more than relatively local expression until quite recently. The choice between "truth" or "repose" is no longer a matter of only individual concern. The people who chose "repose" made two world wars possible and, if they continue to choose it and impose that choice on their children, will be responsible for the final catyclasm.

Emerson apparently believed that every mind had indeed a free choice between truth on the one hand and repose, or orthodoxy, or authoritarian certainty, on the other. That belief was, at least to a considerable degree, mistaken. It is clear that throughout life "conscience" plays a very important part in any such choice, and that "conscience" is imposed by parental and other pressures in very early childhood. It is also true that the ability to dissociate, to avoid looking at uncomfortable things, is commonly taught in childhood and becomes a fixed behavior pattern for life.

A great difficulty in attempting to diagnose our illness, to find its causes and eventually to prescribe its treatment is the necessity to get a wide enough point of view. It is obvious that the picture must be seen whole, and not exclusively from the point of view of any one individual or group in the world.

It is, however, very difficult to assume a point of view which is not local and affected by the prejudices of our particular environment and upbringing. Complete freedom from prejudice, true objectivity, is an unattainable ideal. We are all cursed with loyalties. Our minds are not free to judge, to accept or reject, by the use of pure facts; instead our prejudices, emotions, and consciences become involved and affect our ability to see clearly and our decisions. But in order to help ourselves to look at this world with as little prejudice as possible and the truest perspective we can attain, let us imagine ourselves visitors from some other world, say, from one well outside this solar system. Let us suppose that on the way we have called on many other worlds and seen many kinds of life and ways of living.

First, let us look at this particular star in terms of space. We might number it one among millions or we might call it by a name that a few of its inhabitants have

"BABY PLAY WITH NICE BALL?"

Reprinted from The Nation *of Sept. 1, 1945*

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been using recently, "Earth." It is one of eight (plus some asteroids) which revolve around a much larger and hotter star. There is nothing particularly impressive about this Earth. It has one small satellite whose principal use seems to be to assume blame for certain peculiarities of behavior of some of the inhabitants of Earth. Earth is not at all remarkable for size. It is dwarfed by other bodies even in its own locality: just a below-average unremarkable star.

This one seems to be made of much the same materials which form other stars. It has gone a long way in the cooling-down process which seems to be general in what we have seen of this particular universe. We can easily see from the evidence presented by rocks that it was at one time very hot indeed, in a molten state, but for at least the last few billions of its revolutions around its sun, called "years" by some of its inhabitants, it has been relatively cool and has produced little heat itself. The long, gradual cooling process has been slowed greatly in the case of Earth by the heat radiated by the relatively large star, "Sun," around which it revolves. Earth is not so hot as many other bodies nor yet so cold as many others. It was much hotter a few billions of years ago and will be much cooler a few billions of years in the future. Its rate of cooling has not been constant; we find that there have been periods, the latest quite recently, when thick ice, perhaps a mile deep, covered it at both poles and possibly one half the distance from each pole to the equator. These periods perhaps had something to do with the sun not giving off so much heat for a few thousand years, or perhaps something got in the way and shadowed Earth from Sun for a while. Whatever it was could, of course, happen again and probably will. Perhaps, though, before such a cold spell comes again, and if it is not too severe, the local inhabitants may be able to arrange some sort of central heating system which will make it possible for them, or some of them, to survive. If the change comes slowly enough man may be able to grow fur again over a period of a few thousand or hundred thousand years, or, indeed, he may arrange to put some selected individuals in some sort of cold storage to await another cycle of warmer weather, while the rest die off. However if such a probable cold spell goes very far the next time, the present dominant species on Earth may well not survive, and some other more cold-resistant species may get a chance to show what it can do.

Next, what about this little star in time? Once again it is quite unremarkable, not very old and not very new. We do not know and cannot yet find out when life first appeared on Earth. There is plentiful evidence of many forms of life, not so complicated as some present forms but still a long way along the road of development, at least some billions of years ago. We know that some 500,000,000 years ago, more or less, much of Earth was populated with a variety of animals. Many large and savage species roamed the swamps and forests; many small but no less savage things crept or slithered through the jungle or marginal ooze of lakes or seas. Each species was doing its best to survive in the ways which were peculiar to itself.

But some of the present forms of life on Earth are very recent newcomers; man is one of these. Whether man developed very slowly for a very long time and then shot ahead suddenly over a period of only a few hundred thousand years; or whether at some stage of his development he was endowed with some supernatural (or not yet understood) equipment, a "soul"; or whether he was superimposed, by some supernatural (or not yet understood) process, ready-made on a world full of other animals which had developed slowly, we have not yet found out. We also notice that, very strangely, these possibilities cannot be discussed by many inhabitants in many places on Earth because of faiths and fears about these things which were imposed in childhood.

Whenever man began to be of any importance on Earth, it was probably not more than a million years ago, though some estimates of his presence in something like his present form go as high as twelve million years. Whichever is nearer the truth this is a very short time indeed in terms of world development.

We may well wonder how it is that man has assumed such a dominant position on Earth in such a short time. Many other animals have lived as long; many have lived longer and eventually disappeared. What of man's equipment has put him so quickly and so firmly in the saddle? Each species of animal has some special equipment of its own that makes its methods of survival different from those of all others. In effect each organism represents a different experiment in competition for survival. Some animals can hear many sounds inaudible to man, for instance. Others can see much better. Others can run faster or jump farther, or hug or claw more effectively, or go longer without food or water. Some, by clever camouflage, can blend with their background. Others can hibernate through long winters or dry spells when food or water are hard to find. Some can live under the water and others under the ground or high in the air. In all of these fields, and many others, man is very poorly equipped. What then is man's specialty? If we examine man's body in detail we find that everything he has, except one thing, is outclassed in many other species. The only instance in which man shows a superior development is his brain, and particularly in one part—the upper end, or "fore-brain."

This, his brain, is man's only apparent specialty. Only by its use has he come so far and so fast. Only man's power to think puts him and keeps him at the head of the procession on Earth.

[*To be concluded next week*]

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Why India Starves

BY M. R. MASANI

Bombay, India

AN American engaged in the good cause of collecting funds for the relief of the victims of starvation in India recently mentioned in the course of a letter to a friend in India, the reasons generally given by people in the United States for not doing anything to help. His list included:

India is so far away that we aren't interested.

India has always had famines and always will have famines; if you save them this year, they'll die next year.

More food means more children and just as much starvation—so why help?

The Indians are used to famines and because of their religion they can starve without suffering much.

The Indians are inferior people and not worth helping. Sub-human masses live in India, not individuals.

Nothing can help the Indians until they become Christians and stop exploiting and killing each other.

There are fabulously rich Indians; why don't they help their own people? Why should we give money to such a wealthy country?

It's Britain's job; let her do it.

India's starvation is not our fault. We didn't bomb India nor did the war affect her.

Writing from India, one is inclined to leave to others nearer home the task of convincing Americans that the people of India are not really "sub-human," that their mass conversion to Christianity is neither necessary nor adequate for the solution of India's food problem, and that, religion notwithstanding, it is as painful for an Indian to die of starvation as it is for other human beings. No doubt the India Famine Emergency Committee's mission, which is now touring India, and the eminent journalists attached to it will apply themselves to this task on their return home. The facts set out in this article may, however, dispel three misapprehensions that would appear to be current among American readers: that more food for India means more children and just as much starvation; that India is a wealthy country and that fabulously rich Indians do not help their own people; and that World War II did not adversely affect India's food economy.

It is necessary to distinguish between the present crisis and normal conditions in the case of a country like India. The food situation is, of course, always grave in a country such as ours where the masses of the people have, in the best of times, barely one square meal a day, where a balanced diet is unknown except to the well-to-do, and where the shortage of food is normally so great that there would be no food at all for 115,000,000 of the population if the rest of the people were provided with a normal diet. Today, however, India has struck a new low. Drought last fall and winter has led to a failure of crops resulting in a drop of between six and seven million tons of food grains in addition to our normal annual deficit of 10,000,000 tons. To the extent that this is not made good from overseas in the remaining months of 1946, the people of India will have to starve beyond their usual measure and many may have to die.

How does it happen, the reader will ask, that a country with a fertile soil, with an area of 380,000,000 acres sown to crops, with 280,000,000 of its people working the land, and with 200,000,000 cattle out of the world's total stock of 700,000,000, is in such a plight today? It is not possible here to go into the long-range causes of this paradox beyond indicating that an obsolete system of land tenure with only a third of the land owned by those who till it, a peasantry denied literacy and burdened with debt, holdings fragmented till they drop to an average of three or four acres per family, the absence of irrigation over large tracts of a country dependent for water supply on the vagaries of the monsoon, and the absence of a supply of good seed, modern implements and fertilizers have all played their part in producing this tragic result.

It has been urged, mostly by British publicists, that the rapid increase in India's population is as important a cause of India's misfortunes as all the factors mentioned above. It is estimated that an average of .86 acres of cultivated land is available per head of population in this country. As against this, nutrition experts in America have calculated that 3.1 acres per head are required to produce a "liberal diet," while even for what is called "an emergency restricted diet," 1.2 acres per head are necessary. In the light of these figures, it is clear that the ratio of cultivated area to population is distinctly on the low side in India. Is this ratio increasing or decreasing? Though the evidence is conflicting and the statistical data of the Indian government notoriously unreliable, one might not be far wrong in concluding with Dr. W. R. Aykroyd, until recently Director of the Nutrition Research Laboratories in Coonoor and now on the staff of the Food and Agriculture Organization, that "the available evidence suggests that the area of land

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under cultivation is not increasing proportionately to population growth, so that the ratio is decreasing." This does not, however, mean that the chronic starvation of people in India is caused by over-population, for we have by no means exhausted either the limits of cultivable land or the possibilities of the land already under the plough, which, on an average, yields only a fourth of what it does in England and a third of what it does in Japan. All it means is that our food production must catch up with the increase in our numbers, the rate of which appears to be quite modest when compared with those of several other countries in the past few decades. Between 1870 and 1930, our population increased by 30.7 per cent; that of England and Wales by 77 per cent; that of Japan by 113 per cent; and that of Russia by 115 per cent. It should not be difficult, therefore, to agree with the conclusion arrived at by an American writer, Kate L. Mitchell, who says: "There is every reason to believe that by making full use of her resources, India could support a far larger population than at present. The cause of Indian poverty is not the rate of population growth, but the fact that India is a case of arrested economic development."

This is India's long-term problem. What has aggravated the situation in the past few years has been India's involvement, as a part of the British Empire, in a war which was not of her choosing, with the consequent wartime loss of rice imports from Burma and Thailand. The presence of a large force of British, American, and other troops who lived to a varying extent on the country, the inability of the peasant to obtain even his normal supply of tools and fertilizers, and the failure of the British government in India adequately to mobilize and augment the resources of the country all contributed to today's emergency.

Food and finance are by no means unrelated; another complicating factor has been the inflation resulting from a persistent expansion in currency since 1940. This currency expansion was the means devised by the British government to pay for the services and materials it drew from India for war purposes without parting with anything tangible in return. Speaking about the effects of this dubious expedient, the present Secretary of State of India, Lord Pethick-Lawrence, said in the House of Commons on November 4, 1943, that "he thought the main cause of the present famine [i. e., the Bengal Famine] was that a large number of people in certain provinces had not the purchasing power to pay for such food grains as would keep them alive. For that inflation, the government of India and nobody else could be held responsible."

In 1943 the government of India appointed a Food Grains Policy Committee, with Sir Theodore Gregory as chairman, to consider the increasing gravity of the situation. That committee recommended that India import a million tons of food grains every year, that being India's average annual imports before World War II. The committee also advised the initial import of half a million tons extra to help build up a Central Food Grains Reserve to meet precisely the sort of situation we are facing today; but unfortunately the government failed to persuade the British and allied governments to make available the necessary shipping facilities.

What is India doing to reduce the impact of the blow that is about to fall on her? The government has tried to speed up its "Grow More Food" campaign which has already brought some 11,000,000 more acres under food crops during the past three or four years. Efforts have also been made to get a greater proportion of grain into the common pool and provinces like Bombay and Madras have highly involved schemes of compulsory levy which leave to the peasant little more than what he needs for himself and for his dependents. The rationing of food grains and sugar has also been extended.

The ration that was in force when the present crisis developed some months back was a pound of cereals daily for adults. That this is no princely ration can be seen from the fact that it was also the ration provided to criminals in Indian prisons and prescribed as a minimum by the Famine Relief Code. People in the United States may not realize that for the mass of our people, whose average per capita income is about $20 a year, the entire diet consists of grain alone—that meat and fish, milk, vegetables, and fruit are beyond their means. This meager ration has now been cut by as much as 25 per cent. Today men and women are expected to subsist on a ration of only 12 ounces per day, yielding about 1,000 calories as against the 2,800 calories they require for a healthy existence, and as against the 3,000-odd calories that the average American consumes. Ours is a ration of which it can be fairly said "it is so little that a man cannot live and so much that a man cannot die." Comparatively efficient administration in the affected areas today saves people from dying on the scale that they did in Bengal in 1943 when, according to the Famine Inquiry Commission, two and a half million people lost their lives. But no amount of efficiency can save the entire population from chronic starvation nor prevent a whole generation of stunted infants and children in a country which had dreamed, at the end of World War II, of entering a happier era.

That is the background against which India's representatives on the new Inter-

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national Emergency Food Council have been trying to persuade the governments and people in your hemisphere to come to our assistance. We in India do not want beef or ham or pork, as other countries do. But we desperately need wheat and rice to keep alive, and our hungry children can use a lot of imported milk powder.

India asks for what is her due. She does not go to the rest of the world with the begging bowl.

The Indian people, given half a chance, are prepared to do their duty by themselves and by the rest of the world. It is for the people of more fortunate countries to consider their obligations to the people of India who are today facing famine through no fault of their own, but because nature has conspired with war. Must the people of India sadly reflect with the poet that this is yet another case where "knowledge comes but wisdom lingers?" It is for the government and the people of the United States to answer.

A New Deal for Texas?

BY HAROLD YOUNG

TEXAS may get a new deal in state government this year in the person of Dr. Homer P. Rainey. Fired as president of the University of Texas a little less than two years ago, Dr. Rainey at the moment is the leading candidate for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination—which in Texas means election. The decision will be made at the primary on July 27.

Dr. Rainey's candidacy represents the first militant political attack in years on big business's domination of government and education in Texas. The corporate elite of Texas, most of whom are the straw bosses of absentee owners and managers, fear and hate Rainey as they used to fear and hate Franklin Roosevelt. The amount of money they will spend to try to defeat him will be fabulous. In addition he must contend with the opposition of nearly all the state's large daily newspapers, an unreasonable rationing of radio time by the Texas Quality Network, and a cruel whispering campaign on the level of French-postcard pornography.

The rationing of radio time, an innovation of this campaign, applies to all candidates but it injures Rainey the most. Much of his following has been built by a regularly-scheduled radio program, "Religion in Life." Whereas the others are just candidates on the air, Rainey is a radio personality to thousands of rural and small-town voters. He has complained to the Federal Communications Commission, asking whether the agreement of the four stations to limit political candidates is a violation of the antitrust laws, and pointing out that the restriction prevents "thousands of rural voters" from hearing campaign issues discussed. Three of these stations are controlled by newspapers which are bitter enemies of Rainey—the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, the Dallas *News*, and the Houston *Post*.

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Dr. Rainey's rise to political eminence is ironic. The stubborn, hard-headed representatives of big business on the University's Board of Regents made him the political figure that he is by trying to destroy him as an educator. He was dismissed as president of the University of Texas on November 1, 1944, because he protested the domination of the University and, as a matter of fact, all education in Texas by the corporation interests. There were many quarrels between Rainey and the Board of Regents, but a majority of regents determined to fire him only after he had issued a lengthy statement listing the Board's many violations of academic freedom and sound administrative practice. Had things worked out as they usually do in Texas, Rainey would have moved on and left the regents in control. But instead he chose to stay and fight, finally deciding he could win his battle only by political action. That is why Dr. Rainey is in the midst of a campaign for governor.

The big corporations have no reason to love Rainey. He proposes to pull the state up to higher levels in public education, public health, social security, and general economic well-being by means of more taxes on natural resources—oil, gas, and sulphur. Most of these resources are either owned or exploited by monopolistically inclined corporations of the North and East, whose representatives in Texas elect governors and legislatures to keep taxes down on these items. Rainey proposes a constitutional amendment to repeal the state's $35,000,000 ceiling on social-security funds used for old-age assistance, aid to the blind, aid for dependent children, and the like. He proposes to abolish the state ad valorem tax, which brings in about $18,000,000 a year, and make up the loss with increased levies on resources, gasoline, tobacco, and liquor.

The platforms of the other candidates beat around the fringes of such issues as pay increases for teachers and more state pensions—but they also promise no increase in taxes. Rainey proposes a minimum of $1800 a year for school teachers and tells how he will raise the money.

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His forthrightness about taxes is refreshing in Texas politics.

There is only one element missing from the current campaign—Governor Coke Stevenson, the slow-talking rancher who has been governor of Texas longer than any other man. He succeeded W. Lee O'Daniel in 1941 when O'Daniel was elected to the United States Senate after serving less than a year of his second term as governor. Since then, Stevenson has been reelected twice. Much of what is wrong with Texas at the moment is Pappy O'Daniel and Coke Stevenson, both willing allies of big business. They are the pair who stacked the boards of regents of the University and other state schools and colleges with corporation men, lobbyists, Republicans, and Texas Regulars.

The Texas Regulars were a political party formed in 1944 by a group of die-hards who left the Democratic party after an unsuccessful anti-Roosevelt revolt led by George A. Butler, Houston lawyer and nephew of Jesse Jones. But the Texas Regulars were a state of mind before, during, and after 1944—a state of mind of which the chief characteristic was hatred of Roosevelt and the New Deal. Stevenson and O'Daniel both connived in the rebellion, which was organized to steal the state's electoral vote from Roosevelt. Jones disavowed the Regulars late in the 1944 campaign, but he did not convince many people, Franklin D. Roosevelt least of all.

A race with Pappy O'Daniel, Coke Stevenson, and Dr. Rainey all in it—as once appeared to be shaping up—would have matched the real antagonists. Stevenson, however, decided not to seek reelection. Perhaps the man who tried the hardest to persuade Stevenson to change his mind and run was Jesse Jones. There were reports, printed in very few Texas papers, that Jones offered Stevenson the editorial support of Jones's own Houston *Chronicle,* the Houston *Post,* the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram,* and the Dallas *News.* "Draft Stevenson" movements showed that he had strength. He was the top man in a pre-campaign sampling by the Texas Poll, an accurate regional poll of the Gallup type. The corporation executives and oil men promised all the money he might need. The governor, however, decided he had had enough of public life, and retired rather than battle his way through another rough and tumble campaign.

There are five men in the campaign who have a chance to win. Rainey, of course, heads the list and is definitely the man to beat. The others are Jerry Sadler, formerly a member of the Texas Railroad Commission and a veteran of World War II; John Lee Smith, now lieutenant governor; Beauford Jester, currently a member of the Texas Railroad Commission; and Grover Sellers, state attorney general.

Sadler can be classified as the maverick of the race—at this time he is not acceptable within the corporate pale. While a member of the Railroad Commission he was very rough on the Humble Oil and Refining Company, a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, and the Magnolia Petroleum Corporation, a Socony-Vacuum subsidiary. Against Rainey, however, if there is a run-off, the corporations would probably settle for Sadler.

The choice of the blue chip boys is among the trio of Smith, Jester, and Sellers, with Sellers the favorite. Organized labor generally will support Rainey, but some of the American Federation of Labor leadership believe they can go along with Sellers.

Jester is a wealthier man than any of the other candidates and the one most at home in a country club. He may have learned better by now, but early in the campaign he pulled a minor political blunder in Dallas by leaving word at a hotel desk that if he received any long distance calls, he could be reached at a local country club. It might have been disastrous if anybody had called from the forks of the creek. Many Texans who are not otherwise bothered by wealth are extremely suspicious of it when it is at play and might be drinking or drawing to an inside straight.

Seligson

Homer P. Rainey

Sellers supported Roosevelt in 1944, but he now would extend the olive branch of peace to the Texas Regulars. Jester likewise has no animosity against the Regulars, who represent more campaign contributions than they do actual votes. Any man who welcomes the Regulars into his camp cannot and does not intend to change the status quo in Texas.

Smith, in a word, is fantastic. He spouts analogies from Roman history like the brightest boy in a one-room school, but it is noise, not erudition. Although very outspoken on most things, he is the one candidate who has dodged answering the party's questionnaire on his loyalty in 1944.

Smith is also the darling of the labor haters. He beats his breast with a primitive fury for a state constitutional amendment outlawing the closed shop and for statutory preference for veterans in all private and public employment. Sellers and Jester belabor the C. I. O.-P. A. C. with enough fervor to convince their money-backers. Sadler has declared himself against the closed-shop. All of the four—Sadler, Jester, Sellers, and Smith—have obviously kissed off any C. I. O. support.

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Any analyist who relates the Texas political situation to a hard-and-fast division of liberals and conservatives is just going to break his heart. The conservatives simply outnumber the real liberals. Dr. Rainey is a progressive but his campaign is well inside what the strategists and realists believe are the limits to which the Texas electorate will follow a liberal candidate. A great leader can enlarge these limits, perhaps, but he has to get elected first.

Rainey's strength lies in his personal popularity. He has one asset that is no minor advantage in Texas, though one that might be overlooked elsewhere: he is an ordained Baptist minister. He has another and greater source of votes in the fact that thousands upon thousands of people who call themselves conservatives have long had definite anti-corporation sentiments, several generations removed from their most likely source—the old agrarian radicalism of the Populists. These conservatives somehow realize, despite the silence of the daily press, that big business—much of it absentee—rules the state. "Wall Street" is an old battle cry in Texas, and there is always a core of sincerity in it—even on the tongue of a demagogue such as Pappy O'Daniel. In the privacy of the election booth, many of these conservatives will vote their anti-corporation prejudice.

The trouble in Texas is that this issue of corporation control is so seldom clearly drawn by a man who really means to do something about it. The persevering college professor, Homer Price Rainey, is that rare individual. He may be the next governor of Texas.

The UNRRA Scandal in China

BY ILONA RALF SUES

FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA will go down in Chinese history as the only American official of today who placed human rights above political and military opportunism, meant what he preached, and had the courage to stand up for the people.

When the Director General of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration stopped all shipments to China (with the exception of food) at a moment's notice, after a cable from more than half of UNRRA's staff in China had confirmed reports that the Chinese Government was using relief supplies as an antidemocratic political weapon, and that food was diverted to the black market or left to rot in Shanghai warehouses while 30,000,000 people faced starvation, he set a signal example to the White House, to Congress, and to the War Department. Washington has consistently ignored the urgent appeals made by spokesmen for the vast majority of the Chinese people to stop military, financial, and economic support to Chiang Kai-shek's government. Our unconditional assistance has emboldened Chiang and has practically nullified the results achieved by General Marshall in his patient peace negotiations between the Kuomintang and the Communists.

If the Little Flower's action is followed by a stiffening attitude toward Chiang on the part of the Washington Administration, it may mean the beginning of an era of real reconstruction and rehabilitation for China.

The main reason for the UNRRA scandal—and many other scandals as well—is, beyond any doubt, our obtuse help to the small, reactionary clique of would-be rulers who are blacklisted by their own people, have an unbroken 20-year record of antidemocratic terrorism, and an all-embracing, well-nigh perfect system of corruption.

How does UNRRA work? It gets American supplies into China. But it is CNRRA—the Chinese Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, a government monopoly—which decides how these supplies are to be distributed. UNRRA can only advise and help with its technical personnel.

CNRRA's official yearly operating budget is 210 billion Chinese dollars, or $105,000,000 U. S., but the Chinese government does not furnish the funds. During the first six months of 1946, CNRRA obtained only 43 billion Chinese dollars: 23 billion came from the sale of UNRRA supplies, 18 from loans, one billion from "miscellaneous sources," and only the remaining one billion Chinese (or 500,000 American) dollars from the Chinese government!

Head of CNRRA is a 56-year-old Shanghai industrial magnate, O. S. Lieu. He is the stooge for the "Soong Dynasty" which controls finances, foreign relations, and most profitable rackets in China. Lieu was, before the war, manager of the Great China Match Co., the Shanghai Cement Co., and the China Industrial Corporation. During the war, H. H. Kung, Chiang's brother-in-law, then Finance Minister, appointed him as head of the Government Match and Cigarette Monopolies. When Kung was replaced by his rival, T. V. Soong, Mme.

ILONA RALF SUES is the author of "Shark Fins and Millet." During ten years at Geneva she was active in the opium control work of the League of Nations. More recently she has lived in China and is thoroughly conversant with economic and political conditions in that country.

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Drawings by Gropper

Chiang's brother, Lieu became T. V.'s confidential agent. When the Kuomintang took over the China Merchants Steamship Navigation Co., he became managing director. And when the Japanese surrendered, they were ordered to turn over to Lieu the Shanghai Textile Mills and the ships!

Thus CNRRA Director O. S. Lieu (and his boss, T. V. Soong) have large interests in the textile mills where UNRRA cotton and wool are spun; in the flour mills which grind UNRRA wheat; in the CMSNC, which has sublet three wharves to UNRRA and handles docking facilities and inland navigation.

The Chinese Embassy in Washington is fighting La Guardia's decision and advances the stale alibi of dry rivers and poor roads as an excuse for the lagging distribution of relief supplies. But all reports from UNRRA and other sources stress the fact that the coast, the Yangtze River, the Grand Canal, and other waterways are open, as well as most railroads, and that the network of highways, with minor exceptions, is in fair shape.

Shanghai's wharves and warehouses are clogged, and, up to May 24, only 10 per cent of UNRRA supplies got through to famine areas.

Why? Because military supplies have priority. President Truman's report on lend-lease explains the situation perfectly. It states that four Chinese armies were moved by air to Manchuria and other areas, at a cost of $300,000,000. In addition, Chiang received vehicles valued at $68,000,000 (used on those "impassable" roads for troop transports), and ammunition valued at $50,000,000 (bullets in lieu of wheat!). U. S. lend-lease to China from V-J Day to December, 1945, alone amounted to $602,045,000. In addition, 40 Chinese divisions were equipped and trained with modern American materiel, as compared with only 20 divisions during the war.

There are some 10,000 trucks idle in Shanghai. Gas is plentiful and unrationed. Some of the U. S. airplanes transferred to the Chinese Government could fly grain and medical supplies into the interior, instead of being used in the war against the stricken people.

The first flour put on the market in January by CNRRA was sold in 20-bag lots, supposedly for bakers. Actually it went into the hands of black-marketeers. From January to April, the price went up from 4,000 to 12,000 Chinese dollars per bag.

In January and February, from 30 to 60 children were picked up every week in the streets of Shanghai, dead of starvation.

Flour and relief were, in many instances, distributed through the phony "labor unions" of the Kuomintang. Unemployed workers were not allowed to join the unions. Thus people who had jobs got relief and people without means of support were permitted to starve. And —quite incidentally—employed workers who needed relief were compelled to join the Kuomintang union!

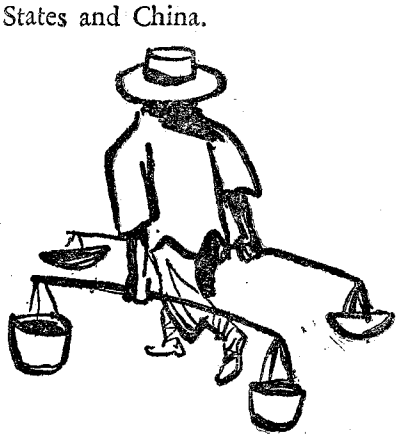
CNRRA's program of industrial rehabilitation was another racket: a man of means, in good standing, with the Kuomintang Party, could buy all the machinery he wanted. The little fellow who had lost everything in the war got nothing to rebuild his workshop. Result: concentration of wealth in a very few hands.

UNRRA policy requires that relief be administered without discrimination, but CNRRA decided differently. All areas under democratic self-rule, home of some 200 million people who are holding out for peace and a coalition government, and have supported General Marshall's peace efforts from the start, have received less than 2% of UNRRA supplies.

Chiang Kai-shek broke all promises given to the people and many promises given to General Marshall. He and his group prefer civil war to a democratic government which would curtail their power and privileges. Withholding food and medicine from the people is one of his means of coercion. He did not expect that his attitude would meet with Allied indignation.

But in the case of UNRRA, as in all other China questions, real help to the people can only be effective when civil war is made impossible—if all American troops are withdrawn and no governmental loans granted until the Chinese Government has been reorganized in accordance with the agreement reached by the Political Consultative Council in February, as a result of the truce agreement concluded under General Marshall's sponsorship.

Food, not bullets, is what the Chinese people need, and it is food that can strengthen the bond of friendship and lead to beneficial economic relations between the United States and China.



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Molotov Shocks France

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Paris, July 12

TODAY, for the first time since my arrival in France, the editorials in the Paris newspapers were hardly distinguishable one from the other. Perhaps this situation may change in the coming weeks, but as I write there is national unity behind the government's foreign policy such as never existed before. It is expressed in the attitude of the Cabinet where Communist ministers voted with the Socialists and the M. R. P. for what has been all along the French position on Germany: the political and economic separation of the Ruhr, French occupation of the Rhineland, and a customs and economic union with the Saar.

What is important is to understand exactly how the views of the government and the press on this issue reflect the thinking of every Frenchman. Writing in *La Resistance,* M. Destree makes this very clear: "France cannot but be instransigent on the German problem. Its position is that of no single party. It would have surprised us had the Communists adopted a different attitude, for they have never ceased to affirm their defiance of Germany and, if one may believe Jacques Duclos, their policy on international questions is dictated by a single consideration, the interests of France." *Franc Tireur,* a paper which has been consistently friendly to Russia, carried this headline: *"Un Seul Reich? Il Nous Semble Avoir Déjà Entendu Ca."* (One Reich? We Seem To Have Heard That Before.)

In general the first reaction of the press and public to Russia's stand against the French plan for separation of the Ruhr was one of bitter disappointment and French commentators find it difficult to undertake an objective analysis of Molotov's full statement. A few isolated voices recalled that the Russian Foreign Minister demanded complete disarmament of Germany and liquidation of its war industries, creation of an inter-allied control commission for German industry, dissolution of all military and paramilitary organizations, liquidation of all remnants of Nazism, and the organization of German politics on democratic lines. But for the French the Ruhr is the touchstone. They are in mortal fear of leaving the Ruhr within the frontiers of the future Fourth Reich for, according to the traditional viewpoint of the French General Staff, without the Ruhr neither the Second nor the Third Reich could have gone to war. To see Russia, on whose support they had counted, siding with Great Britain and the United States against separation of the Ruhr, makes the French feel that their country has been sold out and its future security compromised.

Aside from the political aspects of the question, France feels that it is being deprived of the coal indispensable to its industrial recovery. Since the first of the year, the French government has been imploring the Allies to increase France's quota of coal from the Ruhr; now any prospect of that seems remote in the light of Bevin's announcement that, whatever happens, his government must so organize the British zone in Germany as to impose no extra burden on the British taxpayer. Today, therefore, France considers itself the loser on two scores, political and economic. At the second conference of the Foreign Ministers Georges Bidault successfully played the role of mediator, notably in the case of Trieste; but he remarked with subtle irony that his mediation failed precisely where vital French interests were concerned.

Actually, the chances of mediation in the world that has emerged from the war are very slight at present. The new diplomacy is characterized by a lack of contact, of real negotiation. At the Foreign Ministers' conferences and in the meetings of the Security Council, monologue has replaced dialogue. A Foreign Minister or a delegate rises to outline his country's policy. Other speeches follow—but there is no healthy give-and-take discussion. And though the positions may be set forth with unquestionable clarity, as in the controversy over Germany, no attempt is made by diplomatic exchange to bring the various points of view closer together.

The French are terrified by the increasing activities of Nazi groups in Germany and the frequent armed attacks on the occupation forces. No Frenchman with political understanding would favor the annihilation of Germany. No responsible French political leader would dispute the fact that Europe must have a Germany capable of producing. "But how can we keep this country of producers in the family of nations and at the same time prevent it from being a country of warriors?" That is the question that Frenchmen are asking as a consequence of the Molotov speech.

Postscript, July 14: Under the title "Loyal to France," Pierre Hervé, leading columnist and Communist deputy, writes in today's *L'Humanite:* "For some time the French Communist Party has had differences of opinion with the German Communists. It has others with the Italian Communists. Moreover, is it not inevitable that there should be clashes of interest between the big nations? Is it not natural that in international debates, the views of France and the Soviet Union may differ—indeed, conflict? The French Communists intend to fight to insure that the security of our country is safeguarded and the legitimate needs of our economic recovery taken into consideration by the United Nations. That is, simply, the reason for our attitude."

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

American Inflation Hits the World

WE TEND to think of the current battle in Washington over price control as a domestic affair but actually its outcome is of momentous importance to almost everyone in the world. On June 29, when the President's veto blasted the phoney OPA bill which the Congressional die-hards had concocted, leaving prices in this country temporarily at the mercy of the free market, economic seismographs in many countries registered a major disturbance. On some of the European black markets the price of dollars fell as some speculators who had been paying far more than the official exchange rate for American bills foresaw depreciation in the dollar's buying power and started to unload. In Canada the government revalued its currency, wiping out the ten cent premium that United States dollars had commanded for the last seven years. The readjustment was considered necessary to enable Canada to maintain its own very successful control of prices.

But while Canada, thanks to large holdings of dollars and gold, was in a good position to defend itself against inflation here, other countries were not so fortunately placed. For Britain the rise in American prices meant that the purchasing power of its much-needed American credit was shrinking even before Congress had approved it. Theoretically this should be offset by the fact that inflation in this country would make British goods more competitive in foreign markets. But at this time Britain has no difficulty in selling everything it can spare for export so that the actual trade advantage afforded to it by dollar depreciation is unimportant. Certainly it does not offset reduced ability to buy food, raw materials, and machinery in the United States. Moreover the British are convinced that an inflationary boom in America now will be followed by an equally violent deflation which will drag down the whole level of world prices. If they prove right the loan they are contracting in terms of dollars with a low purchasing power will become repayable in dollars with a high purchasing power; in other words, they may have to return far more real wealth than they receive.

For many Latin American countries price inflation in the United States poses a similar problem but in reverse. During the war years they sold raw materials to this country in great quantities at controlled prices. Since they were not able at the time to buy equivalent amounts of American manufactures, they accumulated large dollar credits which they would like to turn into machinery, automobiles, textiles, and other goods. Now they see that prices are likely to be raised against them. They sold in terms of 100 cent dollars; they may find they must buy in terms of 75 cent ones.

Our neighbors to the south, however, have possible defensive measures open to them. Some of them might follow Canada's example by appreciating their exchange rates; all of them are likely to raise prices against the United States which cannot get along without large quantities of Latin American sugar, coffee, copper, cocoa, linseed oil, and other commodities. Already the Cubans, with whom the Department of Agriculture has been negotiating for months seeking to buy the whole of the 1946 and 1947 sugar crops, have secured a new contract which provides that prices will be raised *pari passu* with increases in the food price index of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics. Thus Cuba will be protected against the higher cost of flour and other foods which it imports from this country.

The peoples abroad most likely to be adversely affected by American inflation, and those least able to defend themselves against its ravages, are those of the hungry countries. Between June 30 and July 10 some of the foods that UNRRA is buying for relief shipments increased in price as follows: wheat, $1.97 a bushel to $2.16; hogs, $14.75 per hundred pounds to $17.75; lard, 14 cents a pound to 18 cents. What this means is that UNRRA's funds, which are strictly limited and already barely adequate for the tasks assigned to the agency, are being effectively reduced in purchasing power.

Even more serious is the question of procurement for export. Up to June 30, the Department of Agriculture had been providing for export requirements of wheat and meat by "set-aside" orders which required elevators and slaughterhouses to sell to the government at ceiling prices a definite proportion of their receipts of these commodities. With the suspension of OPA these orders were rescinded for, in the absence of enforceable ceilings, their continuance would have meant government competition in the open market—a powerful additional stimulus to price increases. There is enough wheat in the pipelines to cover promised deliveries for the next month and, as regards meat, the Department apparently expects that heavy livestock marketings will soon begin to check the upward trend of prices and allow it to resume purchases without disturbing the market.

The fact is, however, that with the end of food ceilings the hungry people of Europe and Asia are forced to compete directly with the swollen pocket-books and large appetites of the American people. In this situation I, for one, would not like to prophesy how far prices may rise when the full pressure of foreign as well as domestic demand for wheat and meat is brought to bear on American supply. For supply of such commodities cannot be rapidly increased in response to higher prices as it can in the case of many manufactured articles. This year's wheat harvest is almost completed and while it is near last year's record, total supply is considerably less owing to the reduction in the carry-over. As for meat, the livestock population is considerably higher than before the war but it has not kept pace with the growth of national income. "Production of meat," writes the *Journal of Commerce* of July 10, "is now about as large as it is likely to be. Shortages will be ended not by larger output but when prices reach a level at which the demand for wheat will be equated to supply;" in other words, when the lower income groups, here and abroad, will be unable to afford to buy it. And, since every increase in the price of meat encourages the diversion of grains from human to animal consumption, a runaway meat market must mean less bread for those to whom it is literally the staff of life.

KEITH HUTCHISON

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

In the Waxworks

At mid-day when the light rebukes the world,
Searching the seams of faces, cracks of walls
And each fault of the beautiful,
Seized by a panic of the street I fled
Into a waxworks where the élite in crime
And great in fame march past in fixed parade.
How pale they were beneath their paint, how pure
The monsters gleaming from the cubicles!

When, as in torsion, I beheld
These malformations of the evil mind
I grew serene and seemed to fall in love,
As one retiring to a moving picture
Or to a gallery of art. I saw
The basest plasm of the human soul
Here turned to sculpture, fingering,
Kissing, and corrupting life.

So back and forth among the leers of wax
I strutted for the idols of the tribe
Aware that I was on display, not they,
And that I had come down to pray,
As one retires to a synagogue
Or to a plaster saint upon the wall.
Why were these effigies more dear to me
Than haughty manikins in a window-shop?

I said a rosary for the Presidents
And fell upon my knees before
The Ripper and an exhibit of disease
Revolting more in its soft medium
Than in the flesh. I stroked a prince's hand,
Leaving a thumbprint in the palm. I swore
Allegiance to the suicide whose wrists
Of tallow bled with admirable red.

Why were these images more dear to me
Than faïence dolls or gods of smooth Pentelikon?
Because all statuary turns to death
And only half-art balances.
The fetish lives, idolatry is true,
The crude conception of the putrid face
Sticks to my heart. This criminal in wan
Weak cerement of translucent fat

Is my sweet saint. O heretic, O mute,
When broils efface the Metropolitan
And swinish man from some cloaca creeps
Or that deep midden, his security,
Coming to you in brutish admiration
May he look soft into your eyes;
And you, good wax, may you not then despise
Our sons and daughters, fallen apes.

KARL SHAPIRO

The Fabian Webbs

BEATRICE WEBB. By Margaret Cole. Harcourt, Brace, and Company. $3.

DESPITE the author's prefatory disclaimer this is, of course, the story of Sidney as well as of Beatrice, and Beatrice *and* Sidney, for it is not possible to write the biography of one half of a close and fruitful partnership without telling a lot about the other half and still more about the whole. Without the partnership either might have been the subject of a monograph, for both were people of talent who had begun to make reputations on their own before they married. But the most remarkable thing about them was that they so exactly complemented each other that together they exerted an intellectual force far greater than twice their separate strengths. "We are both of us second-rate minds," wrote Beatrice in her diary at the time of her engagement, "but we are curiously combined." Sidney was the logician, the master draftsman, the sponge of significant facts; Beatrice had a more intuitive mind and a wider social experience. It was she who first conceived the idea of their great "History of Trade Unionism" but without Sidney's drive and organizing ability she could never have completed it.

Before their paths came together, when they were both in their thirties, the two Webbs had travelled over very different country. Beatrice, a daughter of the *haute bourgeoisie*, had little formal education but was brought up in a stimulating household where conversation on books and affairs was maintained at a high level. At the proper age, she served her time in London society and came close to marrying Joseph Chamberlain, the most glamorous political leader of the day. But she saw through him as she saw through the delights of society and turned aside to pursue the search for a faith and a profession that she later described in her absorbing book "My Apprenticeship." There followed adventures in "slumming," her introduction to social research as one of the contributors to Booth's famous survey of London life and labor, and a growing interest in economic institutions which led to a study of consumers' cooperation.

Sidney, springing from the ranks of the lower middle classes, had to fight his way up the educational ladder. He did so with such success that at the age of 23 he passed into the First Division of Civil Service despite the lack of a university education—a really extraordinary feat in those days. Not long after he joined the recently founded Fabian Society and with Bernard Shaw and Graham Wallas began to sow seeds from which the British Labor government is reaping a harvest today.

In the nineties, however, at the time that they married, the Webbs were not thinking in terms of a separate workers' party. They took no part in the activities of the Independent Labor Party which, despite the contempt the Webbs felt for it, made a great contribution to the building of the Labor

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Party proper by heavy spadework on street-corners and doorsteps. The Fabians, in the same period, were less concerned with carrying their message direct to the people than with influencing the élite. They did succeed to a certain extent in infiltrating the Liberal Party but the limitations of this method were brought home to the Webbs and their friends by the experiences of Beatrice as a member of the Royal Commission on the Poor Law (1905-1909).

The Minority Report which she and three other members signed was a devastating attack on the whole Poor Law system, a penetrating analysis of the causes of poverty, and a series of revolutionary proposals for state action to remove those causes. To popularize these ideas the Webbs promoted a national organization and took to public agitation in a big way. But although they created quite a stir, they made little impression on the Liberal government of the day. The crusade failed and its failure turned the thoughts of the Webbs to the need for a third party with a socialist program.

During the first world war, the Webbs moved closer to the Labor Party, then more of a trade union group than a national political organization. Sidney assisted in its reconstitution on a broader base and drafted the new program on which it fought the election of 1918 when, though still small, it emerged as the official opposition. For the next twelve years, the Webbs were immersed in labor politics, although their literary output continued to be formidable. Sidney went into Parliament and twice held office in minority Labor governments. But they were both disappointed at the results and were glad to retire from active politics after MacDonald's betrayal of the labor movement in 1931.

Thus the last, and most sensational, phase of their career —their enthusiastic discovery of Soviet Russia—took place against a background of disillusion. This enthusiasm was all the more astonishing because their attitude toward the Russian revolution had been cold and critical. Beatrice, Mrs. Cole writes, regarded the Bolsheviks in 1918 as "a new and unpleasing variety of anarchists or syndicalists, who had unfortunately obtained a chance of putting their ridiculous theories of workers' control into practice." Invited in 1919 to come and see for herself, "she retorted grimly that she knew what happened to hostages."

However, in 1932, when the Webbs finally went to Russia, after an intensive preparatory course of reading, both sides forgave and forgot. The Soviet government entertained its distinguished guests in a way that made Sidney comment: "We seem to be a new type of royalty." To the Webbs Russia appeared like a Fabian blueprint brought to life; the collectivist state in full operation, with, of course, all that nonsense of workers' control long abandoned. Above all, they were impressed with the "moral fervor" of the Russian Communists, in whom they found the dedicated élite of which they had long dreamed. They came home after two months, laden with documents, unabashedly admitting that they had "fallen in love with Soviet communism," and devoted their last working years (they were now in their seventies) to explaining and defending the new civilization they had discovered. Mrs. Cole, while obviously not sharing all their enthusiasm, finds it rather touching and I think most readers will do likewise. Yet we must also regret that two such experienced researchers failed to get below the

What about cartels?

CHARLES R. WHITTLESEY'S

National Interests and International Cartels

Because healthy world trade is a prime requisite for a peaceful world, the problem of cartels is of vital interest today. Yet it is usually discussed with more heat than knowledge. The very word "cartel" has acquired emotional implications which make dispassionate discussion difficult. Professor Charles R. Whittlesey of the Wharton School of Finance, University of Pennsylvania, brings sanity into the situation by critically examining the flood of contentions, pro and con.

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MACMILLAN

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surface in Russia and to examine the human cost of the great experiment. One reason, I suspect, was that in writing "Soviet Communism" they relied overmuch on documents, treating the word as the deed, and accepting dubious statistics on trust. The result was a picture which impressed by its massive detail but lacked the light and shade that gives perspective.

This review would not be complete without a word about the excellent qualifications of its author. Mrs. Cole knew the Webbs as a disciple, as a political adversary, and finally as a friend. She and her husband, G. D. H. Cole, were among the young Fabians who came along to challenge "the old gang" in the years just before World War I. They were leaders in the Guild Socialist movement, which the Webbs heartily disapproved, both because of the heretical nature of its ideas and the light-hearted "bad manners" of its members. But, as Mrs. Cole says, the Webbs never wasted energy in bearing grudges and although the fight was sharp while it lasted it did not prevent the renewal of warm relations. So Mrs. Cole has been able to enrich this book with a wealth of personal knowledge. Written with affection, respect, but not, thank heaven, undue reverence, it is a modest but worthy tribute to a notable woman and a still more notable marriage.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Aragon in English

ARAGON, POET OF THE RESISTANCE. Edited by Hannah Josephson and Malcolm Cowley. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.

I GREATLY admired Aragon's poems on finding them, some years ago, a few at a time and selected with excellent taste, in Roger Callois's *Lettres Françaises*. It was not until the publication of the two volumes "Le Crêve-Coeur" and "Les Yeux d'Elsa" that the distinction had to be made between the Aragon who without self-conceit shared the experience and emotion of his companions at the front, turning it into excellent poetry, and the man who so frequently turns sympathy into a sort of professional pity, embarrassing to the reader and, I should think, to the men Aragon claims to represent. (In the same way I admire Louis Aragon's war record, but in reading about it I don't want repeatedly to be slapped in the face with a wet dishrag because I didn't happen to be around to wash up after dinner.) There are also pieces of verse like Lancelot in "Les Yeux d'Elsa" where Aragon confuses metempsychosis with skin-grafting. Not even Hugo's "Châtiments" are as fulsome.

The poems I like best in "Le Crêve-Coeur" are Le temps des mots croisés, Ombres, and Complainte pour l'orgue de la nouvelle Barbarie—for its mechanical accomplishment. Zone Libre reminds me enough of Apollinaire to make me wish he hadn't died so soon. Elsa je t'aime again is such a mixture of Apollinaire's rhythm, prosodic procedure, and sensibility that it is impossible to forget how imitative it is.

A great deal of what Malcolm Cowley's book translates from "Les Yeux d'Elsa" isn't worth the trouble, whereas the long sequence called Cantique à Elsa, which certainly includes the best poetry in the book, is completely omitted. The poetry about which I think there isn't any doubt can be found in Ouverture and in Aragon's completely beautiful piece of writing Le Regard de Rancé; here his preoccupation with the *trobar clus* of the early Provençal poets really does perfectly accomplish its intention. The description of Rancé's finding his mistress murdered and mutilated in her bed, the embalmers standing by, whispering and discussing anatomy, surpasses the merely macabre; and the equation woman-mother-country for once becomes wholly acceptable. There are implications in Aragon's patriotism which have nothing to do with the Stalinist line—as *Partisan Review's* editors like to think—but which lead to the equivalent of a *magna mater* religion, an Albigensian heresy, such as De Rougemont describes in his "Love and the Western World." It is precisely about *trobar clus* that Aragon fails to be explicit in his prose prefaces, merely mentioning that he would like to "renew the mysteries of the *clus trover,* of that hermetic art about which I have not finished dreaming."

Whether you can swallow Aragon whole depends on how you accept the prose introduction to "Les Yeux d'Elsa": "My own Place de l'Étoile is in my heart, and if you wish to know the name of the star, my poems sufficiently betray it (Elsa). People will say that a man owes it to himself not to expose his love in the market-place. [Aragon is a master of paraleipsis.]...To all those who in uttering the one blasphemy disown both Love and that which I love, even though they should be powerful enough to stamp out the last spark of that fire of France, I hold up before them this little paper book, this wretchedness of words, this doomed book of black magic; and how should it matter what becomes of it if, at the moment of ultimate hate, I shall for an instant have shown this lacerated country the resplendent visage of love." Even if this is all right in the poems, where certain old conventions make it pardonable, it won't do in prose. In another part he writes, "I sing of arms and the man," and sets himself up as the recognized embodiment of the unknown soldier. Corbière's taunt applies here: *Garde national épique.*

In the same preface Aragon advertises his innovations in rhyme, crows with delight at having composed a few quatrains of French alexandrines which, because of internal rhyme occurring at a set place, can optionally be printed as sestettes of octosyllabics. A great amount of space is taken up with Aragon's illustrations that prove how clever a rhymer he is. "...Opéra paré d'opales," which he compares with Mallarmé's "...tristement dort une mandore," is to him not

The concentration camps of Franco, Vichy, Germany have left over 100,000 sick and wounded Spanish anti-fascists. Most of these Spaniards in exile in France have Tuberculosis.

SPANISH TRADE UNIONS ASK FOR MEDICINES

The Spanish Trade Unions (UGT) write: "We have so many sick, we have doctors to treat them. But we have no medicines. Send us these vital medicines. Save our people."

Doctors can write for the name and address of a Spanish doctor and send medical supplies directly.

The rest of us can and must contribute for medical supplies. Rush funds now and save these first fighters and victims of Fascism. *(No administrative salaries)*

MEDICAL AID SECTION
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mere baby-talk but a revolution in French versification. He claims to be going on from where Apollinaire left off. He imitates "Alcools" and "Caligrammes" in rhyming *Toulon* with *ombres, embarquèrent* with *Dunkerque,* and so on, where the tonic syllables in order to rhyme according to this scheme must have the same exact vowel with immediately following consonant. Apollinaire's poem Zone, for instance, rhymes *Pape Pie Dix* with *Christianisme;* and so far as I know it is the first time this sort of thing has been used in French rhyme. (In America MacLeish made a complete system out of it.) But this is of no importance compared to Aragon's conscious absorption of Apollinaire's style and sensibility. He invents nothing, and there are more unflaunted, really subtle internal rhyme-schemes in Verlaine's sonnet Parsifal alone than in all of Aragon's verse put together. He is fighting a sham battle—the symbolists settled all this long ago.

The translations of Mr. Cowley's book have little to do with the original poems. "They all (the translators) knew in the beginning, and they learned again before completing their task, that poetry is in the strict sense untranslatable." Cervantes, and many others, said this a long time ago; but Mr. Cowley, more stubborn, publishes an entire volume to prove his point. I do not quite agree with his assertion that Aragon's "own personality, his own style, his own story are strong enough to persist essentially unchanged in all the translations." The translations are like Dr. Johnson's dog walking on its hindlegs; the wonder is that it can be done at all. Kenneth Muir translates: "...and yet I know...your month of Sundays. O!" There is no interjection in the original, but we have to have something to rhyme with *I know.* This is naive but unimportant. Why does Mr. Cowley, in his own translation, put the rhymed Tapestry of the Great Fear into blank verse, unless to prove what is apparent, that the few translations which do not try to rhyme are the only accurate ones?

Louis MacNeice, having to rhyme with *heart*—which anyway does not occur in the original—writes:

> I shall not ever forget the lilacs or the roses
> Nor those the spring has kept folded away apart.

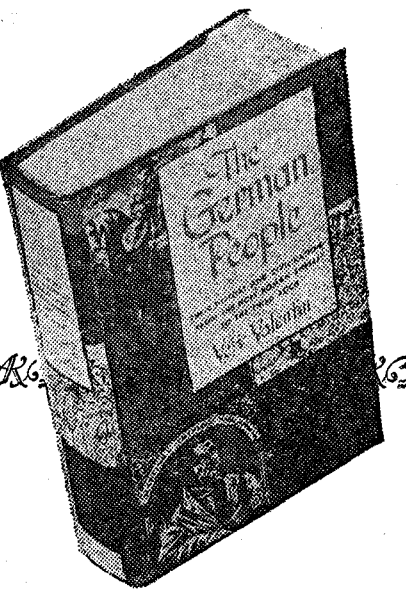
Impossible to derive meaning from this without consulting the French:

> Je n'oublierai jamais les lilas ni les roses
> Ni ceux que le printemps dans ses plis a gardés

where in the original you have at least a Botticellian personification of Spring enshrouding the fallen soldiers in the folds of her gown.

Again, in his introduction, Mr. Cowley writes "I might call special attention to John Hayward's More Beautiful Than Tears, a poem which I had at first judged to be too purely French for even a rough English approximation, let alone an accurate version like Hayward's." I could wish my special attention hadn't been called to:

> What matter if I die, it is enough
> If others see that blessed face reborn:
> Dance, children, dance your capucine, forlorn,
> My country is Dearth, Penury, and Love.



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since the world *forlorn* is gratuitous, though ending in *orn;* the plural of *mon enfant* unimportant but unwarranted; and Dearth and Penury stilted:

> Qu'importe que je meure avant que se dessine
> Le visage sacré s'il doit renaître un jour
> Dansons ô mon enfant dansons la capucine
> Ma patrie est la faim la misère et l'amour.

These are not isolated examples, alas.

I was surprised at first to find that Mr. Cowley's book had no juxtalinear translations on facing pages. When I began to read I thought vaguely of the paper shortage, of distorting mirrors, and of the paper shortage.

RENÉ BLANC-ROOS

BRIEFER COMMENT

The Editor-in-Chief of the Navy

THE CAREER OF JOSEPHUS DANIELS is a problem in democracy. Here is a "tar-heel editor," fully as naive and as provincial as you would expect. (In Paris he was guided by a French naval officer "who had never heard the name of Pasteur." As pronounced by the Secretary, no doubt.) He is intrusted with the American navy in a world crisis. He tries to make the navy bone-dry and democratic, and fails. But with Daniels as editor-in-chief, the navy functions efficiently. (Sims was to attack one major decision, but found little support either in the navy or in Congress.) Daniels was not a disaster. Indeed, he was a very good Secretary. He was loyal to his great leader; he had an enthusiastic and capable assistant; he knew how to leave technical details to experts. He proved that "the common man," with shrewdness, kindliness, honesty, and a high purpose, can go a very long way. Oddly enough, the pacifist editor became the advocate of a big navy, more radical than some of the admirals. As such, he clashed with the British, who never accepted "the freedom of the seas." There are traces of good old-fashioned Anglophobia in his book ("The Wilson Era: Years of War and After, 1917-1923," North Carolina, $4) as folksy, as racy of the soil as his style or his religion. But the right to challenge England's supremacy is restricted to the United States. Britannia and Columbia, twin gems of the ocean, rule the waves. All others are interlopers. Good horse sense (I hope the horses won't be offended).

The center of interest, of course, is not Daniels but Wilson. Daniels's devotion to his chief is a credit to both. The portrait is not idealized: Daniels does recognize the stiffness of Wilson, and his temper; Wilson was no F. D. R. But he claims—rightly, I believe—that there was no Wilson mystery. What puzzled the professional politicians was that Wilson meant what he said. Still—and that was the world's tragedy—even when he brought down the Tables of the Law, he did not quite know his own mind. There are two quotations in the book which, when brought sharply together, are particularly illuminating. The first is from Wilson himself. "The devils had taken me up to high mountains to be tempted of them, but I had forced British and French statesmen to sign an Americanized treaty. I am compelled to be sincere if they are not. I can stand defeat. I cannot stand retreat from conscientious duty." The other is borrowed from Lincoln Steffens (I streamline). Clemenceau—"You gentlemen profess to want a permanent peace. Do you mean *it?*" Wilson and Lloyd George nod. "Have you counted the cost?" "What cost?" "Why, giving up empire, privileges; not possessing the keys of trade routes and spheres of influence any more." Wilson and Lloyd George protested that they did not mean exactly that; no, not all that; not at once, anyhow. "Then," said Clemenceau, "you do not mean permanent peace. You mean war." The old democratic Radical, brought up in the humanitarian tradition of 1848, could have been won over to permanent peace, if Wilson had clearly meant peace, that is, the complete renunciation of privilege. But Clemenceau knew that equivocation is the root of war.

ALBERT GUERARD

Old Truths in Germany

IT SEEMS TO ME SYMPTOMATIC of our emotionally upset thinking that the rediscovery and restatement of old truths—that not all people are alike, that there are good and bad, brave and cowardly—should make the particular value of a book on present-day Germany. Percy Knauth, the author of "Germany in Defeat" (Alfred A. Knopf, $2.75), is endowed with a keen sense of the essentials of character, and gives his sympathy freely where he feels sympathy is deserved. His understanding of men, especially of those who suffer, is his strength as a writer; it enables him to paint arresting portraits of old underground labor leaders in Frankfort planning for the future, of a young woman in Leipzig who faces suicide calmly and serenely, of a courageous minister of the Confessional church who grapples valiantly with the political facts of a confusing reality. Percy Knauth is, to my knowledge, the first to tell the real story of the underground movement and revolt in Buchenwald, the surrender of Nürnberg catacombs, and the actual plot of July 20 in the Führer's headquarters.

He is no sentimentalist, however, and reports just as strikingly on the maze of human weakness and wickedness that was Hitler's Reich. Many people swear in all honesty that they never belonged to the Nazi Party; yet with each word they say or write they demonstrate how deeply the poison of National Socialism perverted their thoughts and feelings. A short sketch on Pastor Niemöller, who paid for his religious beliefs with eight years in a concentration camp but still volunteered for Hitler's submarine war, is illuminating. A whole chapter on Adolf Hitler, based on interviews with his closest collaborators, is one of the finest short character analyses of Hitler ever written.

The weak points of the book lie in the drawing of general conclusions from concrete personal observations. In Knauth's evaluation of Soviet policy in Germany, wishful thinking replaces an objective study of reality. And by limiting the significance of the affair of July 20 to a mere military cabal of disgruntled generals, he is led to the very debatable statement that the Allies have all the reason in the world to congratulate themselves on the failure of that attempt to shorten the war by ten months.

HERMAN EBELING

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Films

JAMES AGEE

THE press on Laurence Olivier's production of Shakespeare's "Henry V" has been exceptionally warm and friendly, as seems no more than proper. Although the press is not to blame for it there is also a rumor, credited apparently by a good many, that it is the best movie ever made. Through some people I have talked with I gather that it is also possible for intelligent people to be disappointed, displeased, or even bored by the film. Indeed I will not be greatly surprised if a sort of highbrow underground develops, devoted to spoiling the fun of relatively easy-minded enthusiasts. Let me therefore first appease the more demanding among my readers, insofar as may be, by getting off my chest all I can possibly find to object to.

"Henry V" is by no means the best movie ever made; it is a recreation of an old dramatic poem, not the creation of a new one. Nor is it the best of Shakespeare's plays; it is merely a very good and vigorous and at times very moving and beautiful one which, among all his plays, is one of the most obviously amenable to movie treatment and which was for obvious reasons particularly germane at the time it was planned and made. The movie treatment, in turn, is by no means as adventurous as it might have been. No attempt is made to develop a movie style which might in poetic energy and originality work as a cinematic counterpart to the verse. The idea is, rather, to make everything on the screen and soundtrack serve the verse, as clearly and well and unobtrusively as possible. Within this relatively modest and, I think, very wise and admirable intention, moreover, the success is not complete.

Much as I like most things about the opening sequence, in the Globe Theater, and skilfully as I think it is used on the whole, to accustom many levels of the contemporary audience to Shakespeare's style and skill, I am sorry about the subtly patronizing way in which a good deal of it was done. We have a right to assume that the Elizabethan stage at its best was in its own terms as good as the theater or the screen can ever hope to be, and I wish this might have been suggested—as it is in flashes by Olivier—without even the faintest suggestion of "Murder in the Old Red Barn," or of "life ran very high in those days." The gradual transference from theater to screen seems to me good or better than good in each single idea, but a little heavy and balky taken altogether, and in spite of shrewd editing and, within each single scene, exquisite pacing, the movie is during its first hour or so almost as fitful and choppy as the play. I very greatly like the anti-naturalistic, two-and-a-half-dimensional effect that is got by obtunding shallow perspectives in painted drops, and these drops are very pretty and clever; but too many of them are pretty and clever in a soft, almost travel-poster way which to some extent conflicts with and lets down the foregrounds. The night sequence in the English camp might, I think, have been still better if it had taken more of its country-night poetic atmosphere straight from nature, and had wholly avoided the smell and look of a good, semi-naturalistic studio set. The shooting of the battle is fine in its main design; I have an idea that here again, sharp naturalism and sharp detail would have improved it and would only have intensified its poetic quality. Shakespeare, after all, was exceedingly rangy in his diction; the movie diction of these good but lesser poets is a little too resolutely "poetic."

I personally enjoyed—and even heard and understood—nearly everything that was done by the comics and semi-comics—especially Robert Newton as Pistol—but well played as they mostly were, I'm not convinced that they survive three hundred years with enough vitality to make them honestly and generally amusing, without a sort of "cultured" over-generosity towards them which I rather dislike in any context and find particularly distasteful in humor. They were not up to giving the narration of Falstaff's death any of the dizzying blend of comedy and noble piteousness it has in the text, nor can I imagine any human beings who would be; and although the actress who played Mistress Quickly gave her lines much tenderness and thought, she was, barring the Irish comic—with his unplayable role—the only embarrassing bit of amateurishness in the show.

I have, I must confess, a glimmer of the kind of unhappy premonition which sometimes signals a change of heart—a feeling that with many more seeings, and a good deal more remembrance, much that now seems highly satisfying, visually, will come to seem too much like conventional illustration to be quite so happy; and that a good deal of the casting, which now seems as nearly perfect as any I have ever seen in a film, and incomparably the best I have seen in a Shakespearian production, will seem perhaps no less good, so far as it goes, but a little predictable, even stodgy. I fear particularly that elements in Renee Asherson's performance as the French princess, which now seems to me pure enchantment, will in time look a little coarsely coy. But if this time ever comes I fear also that I will have lost a certain warmth of spirit, and capacity for delight, which this film requires of those who will enjoy it, and which it asks for, and inspires, with a kind of uninsistent geniality and grace which is practically unknown in twentieth century art, though it was part of the essence of Shakespeare's. I don't have the feeling that any extraordinary, fresh creative force is at large in the film except that of Shakespeare, though the film itself swarms with the evidence of creative intelligence of a gentler and still highly honorable kind, and with evidence also of a quality of taste which is far too good and too sure of itself to need to scorn the great middle audience. It is not, I repeat, the most exciting or inspiring or original film I have seen. But I cannot think of any that seems to be more beautiful, more skilfully and charmingly achieved within its wisely ordered limits, or more thoroughly satisfying.

Such are my objections; I could with pleasure fill twenty times this space with a mere listing of specific excellence, without more than beginning to express my esteem for the film and its makers. But what little of that there will be room for will have to wait a couple of weeks.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

WRITING about jazz records a year ago I remarked on the way attitudes like those of the musicologists were turning up unexpectedly in discussion of jazz. For one thing like the musicologists' preoccupation with stylistic developments and tendencies instead of with the particular work of art as a unique artistic communication. And for another thing like their habit of setting up an early form of an art as *the* art, which meant that subsequent deviations from that form to other forms were deviations from the art to things that were not the art.

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In jazz the early form was the New Orleans group improvisation, which one reader described as "cornet lead, clarinet, and trombone countermovements over a two-beat rhythm section"; and he went on to say that "all other methods wander out into the damnedest complications and methods having nothing but historical connection (if that) with the original jazz style." Thus the early Louis Armstrong Hot Five performances with "Armstrong's soloing," which were a "first break away from the sometimes less individually brilliant but always more collectively alive New Orleans style," were also a first step toward present-day "individual exhibitionism, powerhouse arrangements for 27 trumpets and 89 saxophones, and Duke Ellington," and toward the intervening performances of the Chicagoans that my correspondent disliked. So that while the early Hot Five with Dodds and Ory played jazz, even the slightly later Armstrong-Hines-Robinson combination only played "*like* jazz."

But another reader with a more rigorously systematizing mind contended that the term "jazz" was correctly applicable only to the New Orleans type of ensemble performance to which it had been applied originally; and that performances which emphasized solos rather than ensemble—even performances as good as those of the Armstrong Hot Five, the Dodds Black Bottom Stompers, the Chicago "jazz imitators like Beiderbecke, Teschmacher, and Spanier"—were not "jazz in the strict sense." And he too pointed out that they were the first step toward the later Armstrongs and the performances redeemed only by a solo by Buck Clayton or Bix; and that "from there it is only another short step to Glenn Miller and Tin Pan Alley."

To all this I answered that jazz could not stop with the New Orleans style, and a deviation from that style was not *ipso facto* a deviation from jazz: one had to distinguish, in the deviations, what was jazz from what was not. One also had to recognize the particular value of the particular performance in whatever style of jazz, and accept the fact that a particular Chicago performance happened to be better than a particular New Orleans. And it did not become bad because something bad followed from it: only the bad thing that followed was bad (to say nothing of the good things that also may have followed).

My idea of what was jazz and what was not I described in an answer to a further letter from my systematizing correspondent, in which he argued that to insist that the music produced by the Armstrong Hot Five is the same as the obviously different music produced by the later Armstrong Savoy Ballroom Five "leads to hopeless confusion," and therefore he did not see "what is gained by insisting that both must be called jazz." I wrote: "I have considered jazz to be the performances of small groups of musicians—performances spontaneously, freely creative in the traditional language and style described by Wilder Hobson in 'American Jazz Music,' and exhibiting the integration, the immediacy of relation of ensemble performance in both the ensemble and the solo passages. Against these I have set the well-oiled performances of written-out arrangements by large bands. And I have taken into account in-between types like the various Ellingtons, ranging from the early ones nearest jazz, in which the soloists operate with considerable freedom, to the later ones that are nearly all arranged gilt-and-plush. But the New Orleans performances, the Armstrong Hot Fives and Hot Sevens and Savoy Ballroom Fives, the Chicago performances—these I have regarded as different ways of doing what I have described as jazz. . . . The same thing is gained by calling a Hot Five and a Savoy Ballroom Five both jazz as is gained by calling a work of Mozart and a work of Beethoven both symphony; and confusion is created by giving them two names."

And now my first correspondent has written again, to ask whether I have listened to the recently reissued Teschmacher and Johnny Dodds and Jelly-Roll Morton performances, and whether I now hear the faults of the Chicagoans —"erratic rhythm sections, alternately jerky and wooden . . . inability to improvise collectively . . . Teschmacher's bad tone and intonation"—as against the "relaxation, melodic and tonal richness, and rhythmic flow" of the Dodds and Morton groups. Yes, I have listened; and the two outstanding performances in Decca's Teschmacher volume (Set B-1017; $3.50)—the Chicago Rhythm Kings' "There'll Be Some Changes Made" and "I've Found a New Baby" (80063)—are for me, in their own style, superb jazz, made exciting by their rhythmic drive, their flow of ensemble and solo invention, and especially the rhythmically intricate solos of Teschmacher, even with their imperfections of execution. The other performances in the volume are poor. But in Decca's Dodds volume also (Set B-1020; $3.50) only the two performances in which Armstrong plays—"Weary Blues" and "New Orleans Stomp" (80073)—have the melodic richness my correspondent speaks of. The others are lively ensemble performances which get monotonous for lack of interesting musical ideas—Dodds's invention being undistinguished and limited. After them it is amazing to hear in "Weary Blues" and "New Orleans Stomp" not only the richness of Armstrong's own melodic invention but the way it causes everybody else—and Dodds, in particular—to be suddenly full of ideas and the performances to be not only more individually brilliant but more collectively alive. (More extraordinary is the "Wild Man Blues" recorded at the same session, and included in Decca's Armstrong volume. It consists of two solos: one of Armstrong's greatest, which elicits from Dodds a superb answer in the same style.)

I should add that from some of the material sent by my systematizing correspondent I discovered that it wasn't only the attitudes of the musicologists that were turning up in jazz, but the musicologists themselves who had moved in on jazz, finding in it, as usual, not something to enjoy but an additional material for their categorizing and system-grinding. This was something I had not realized when I had encountered in the *Herald Tribune* an article on "Jazz Purism" by one Rudi Blesh, which used the same method of falsifying schematization as did the monstrosity on chamber music in the nineteenth century that Professor Paul Henry Láng contributed to a New Friends of Music booklet. But that will have to wait.

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Letters to the Editors

UNRRA Defended

Dear Sirs: The following paragraph appears in an article entitled "Elections Every Sunday," by Donald Downes, in the May 18 issue of *The Nation*:

> "Much of the responsibility for the high prices and bad distribution rests with the weak Italian government. When election day lasts four months, it is hard to make politicians concentrate on such matters as food and price-control laws. UNRRA is partly responsible, for it has apparently failed to use the utmost possible pressure to get the government to act. Harlan Cleveland, head of the economic section of UNRRA, in a conversation with this writer casually confirmed the fact that 100,000 tons of textiles, 100,000 tons of phosphates, and nearly 50,000 tons of medicines, all of Italian make, are being hoarded by manufacturers and speculators in the north. Probably 100,000 tons of textiles is enough to make two complete outfits for every man, woman, and child in Italy. A suggestion that these materials be requisitioned by the government and distributed in the same manner and under the same price control as UNRRA goods was looked upon by Mr. Cleveland as foolish, and I suppose as dangerously anti-capitalist."

The observations in this paragraph are as generally superficial and uninformed as the rest of the article. The facts:

1. When he came to visit the UNRRA mission in Italy, Mr. Downes was patently looking for something scandalous to pin on UNRRA. He didn't find anything, so he apparently decided to saddle UNRRA with problems for which it has no direct responsibility.

2. There are 100,000 tons (more or less) of textiles, mostly synthetic goods produced during the war and still held in manufacturers' and wholesalers' warehouses, in Northern Italy. These are not goods made with UNRRA cotton and wool, which are moving. The synthetics have not moved into consumption channels because (a) they are mostly inferior synthetic goods (fiocco), which nobody wants now that good cotton and wool is coming on the market; and (b) they are being held at too high (but now falling) prices. The UNRRA mission has consistently pressed the Italian Government to do something about them, and would favor any system that would actually get these goods, inferior as they are, to the people who need them.

3. Small stocks of superphosphates—around 40,000 tons—were discovered some time ago. Steps have now been taken by the Government to make sure that all superphosphate moves quickly out on to the farms where it is needed. The phosphate rock from which this fertilizer is made results from a trade agreement between the Italian and French Governments. It is not part of the UNRRA program.

4. The stocks of medicines — Mr. Downes' figure is way out of line— are not of Italian make, as stated, but are imports which the Italian Government has been slow in distributing. There are also some captured enemy stocks, which have only recently been turned over to the Government by the military. In cooperation with the Allied Commission, UNRRA has brought the utmost pressure to bear on the Italian Government to get them distributed, and has even modified its own program because of the existence of these stocks. It is expected that this situation will improve shortly, and we are not relaxing in our efforts.

HARLAN CLEVELAND

Washington, D. C., May 23

Liberal Blind Spot

Dear Sirs: Reinhold Niebuhr has illumined a curious blind spot in American "liberalism" in his recent article on British labor. British labor is carrying to completion much of the program for which it has campaigned and for which our so-called "liberals" are currently agitating. Oddly enough, our liberal press has paid little attention to this important development in Britain and even to the epoch-making steps toward Indian independence.

Too few Americans realize the difficulties of liquidating an empire or transforming it into a commonwealth in these days of heightened nationalism. Our own experience in the Philippines, Hawaii, Puerto Rico and our sad bungling of our racial minorities should make our "liberals" more patient with Britain's colonial policy.

Equally strange is the double standard of political morality with which many judge the actions of Russia, Britain, or ourselves. Distance lends enchantment; the average Russian does not mind being watched by the secret police or the peasant does not care whether his farm is collectivized. But a much milder terrorism in our factories in the field can arouse these same people to great indignation.

Truman's unfortunate bill to draft striker's is roundly scored; but many of our liberals praise the compulsory labor registration system in Russia not to mention the uncounted millions who were virtually enslaved to work in the lumber camps and mines of Siberia. Perhaps these policies of the Russian government can be defended as temporary expedients. But why not give British labor an equal tolerance of error?

DAVID ELLIS

Utica, N. Y., June 10

New Veterans Group

Dear Sirs: Over 100 paraplegia patients at Halloran General Hospital have formed the Paralyzed Veterans' Association. A paraplegic is an individual paralyzed in varying degrees from the waist down as a result of injury to the spinal cord.

There are about 2,000 members and ex-members of the armed forces who are paraplegia cases. Legislation for our needs has been slow and insufficient. Our aims are:

1. Legislation to provide a car to prevent us from being house-ridden for the rest of our lives.
2. Reasonable housing facilities for our peculiar needs.
3. Issuance of two sets of the best type of braces, crutches, or wheel chairs.
4. Maintenance of Halloran hospital for the treatment of paraplegic patients by the Army or the Veterans' Administration.
5. Increased disability pension laws. A single veteran should retain all benefits when hospitalized and not be cut to $20 per month as the present law requires.

P. F. C. BOB MOSS, Publicity Director

Staten Island, N. Y., June 27

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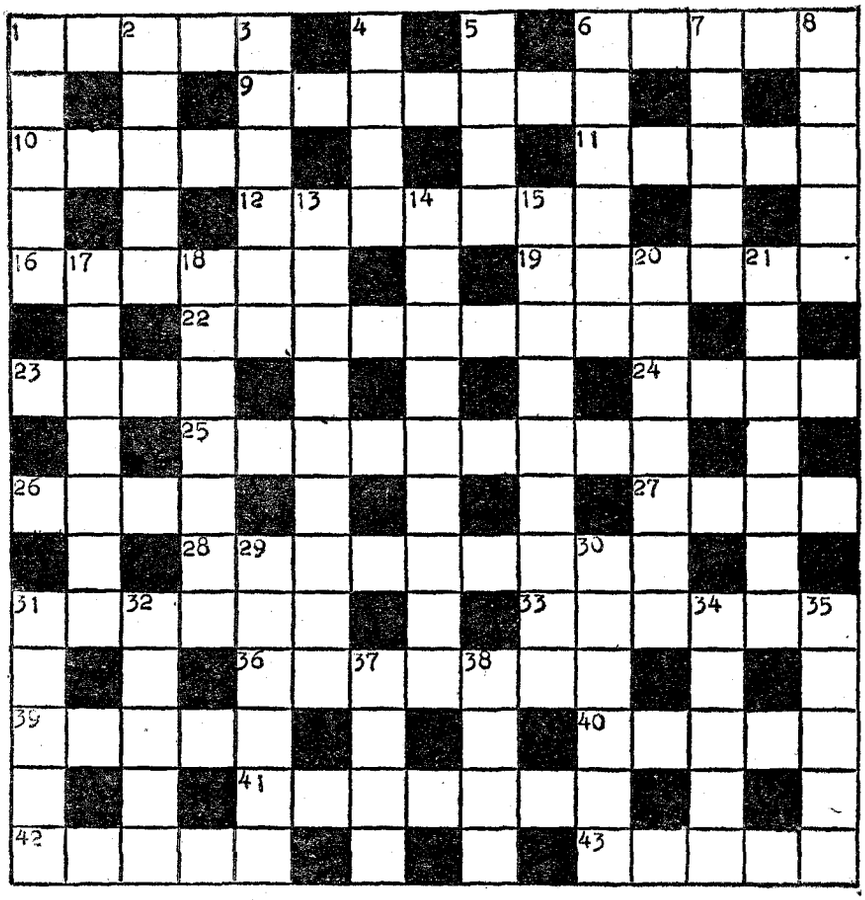
Crossword Puzzle No. 170

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Phosphorescent?
6 He married the girl himself, in *Trial by Jury*
9 Laughable
10 Not the pace that kills
11 State of things at any period
12 Crowds
16 Threaten
19 First name of a pre-war British premier
22 A sporting view of life (4, 1, 4)
23 Fish with a swivel or spoon-bait
24 General A. Jacks
25 Glutinous stuff
26 Nee
27 In an elevated position
28 Name of the first regiment of British foot-guards
31 Pulls the leg of
33 Feminine, or masculine, name
36 Slander
39 Meditate on children?
40 Surely not!
41 Demanding immediate attention
42 Brandished by the Bard
43 Wait upon

DOWN

1 Rings you up
2 He decreed seven years' hard labor for a wife
3 Poor fellow
4 A Romanoff, perhaps
5 Where they allow only twenty-five letters to the alphabet?
6 Unlike flotsam, this is *thrown* overboard
7 Heaps of unhappiness
8 Easy's not quite the word for it
13 Weightiness
14 Fresh fruit drink
15 There's plenty when they are full
17 Burst into laughter
18 They keep the sun off
20 Slow and stately dance
21 Humorously, one's body
29 A book, or its user
30 Coming ones cast their shadows before (sometimes)
31 Radio set valves
32 Sailor's at the front
34 The happiest one is he who does not know that he has one
35 Language of ancient Scandinavia
37 Very proper
38 Smoke

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 169

ACROSS:—1 HOT PLATE; 5 SORTIE; 10 TRUFFLE; 11 ICELAND; 12 EPIC; 13 MAJOR; 16 YAWL; 17 MINUTES; 19 STEIN; 20 GOBLIN; 22 NUPTIAL; 23 OPIATE; 25 LIMBO; 27 STACKED; 31 COVE; 32 SPEED; 33 OGRE; 36 INDOORS; 37 PERSIAN; 38 GARDEN; 39 PREMIERE.

DOWN:—1 HATTER; 2 TOURIST; 3 LIFE; 4 TREPAN; 6 OVEN; 7 TRAVAIL; 8 EIDOLONS; 9 PILOT; 13 MINUTES; 14 JUSTICE; 15 REGALED; 17 MINTS; 18 SOLID; 21 TOUCHING; 24 INVADER; 26 BEGUILE; 28 APISH; 29 KEEPER; 30 SEANCE; 34 LOVE; 35 DRUM.

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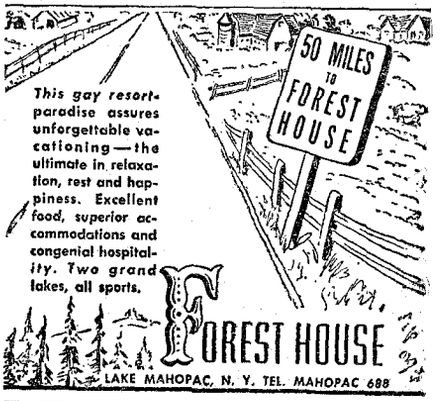

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